

THAT MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9 FM

DISCORDER

MARCH 2002

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Capozzi Park

Alberta Slim

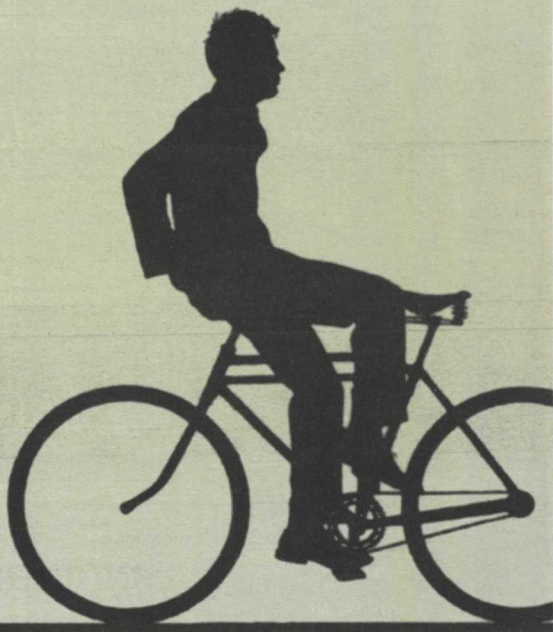
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DISCORDER

ISSUE 227 • MARCH 2002 • THAT SLEEPY MAGAZINE FROM C/ITR 101.9FM

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DISCORDER

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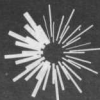
Design by Robin Mitchell, art by Derek Root.
Woof! The lad on the bicycle is centre spread
superstar Rodney Graham.

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SONAR

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Events at a glance:

WEDNESDAY MAR 6

K-OS (FIGURE IV / EMI Recording Artist) LIVE @ GRANDE presented by GMAN & RIZK. First ever Vancity showcase performance by the newest Figure IV member. Plus, MONTELL JORDAN ALBUM RELEASE PARTY
Doors 9pm / Cover \$6

THURSDAY MAR 7

SISTA/HOOD CELEBRATION 2002

VMAS w/ Souffly, Soulistah, and The Downtown Eastside Women's Centre present this 2nd annual celebration featuring an evening of spoken word and hip hop by local female talent. Doors 9pm / Advance tickets \$10 @ Bassix, Highlife, Zulu / \$12 @ the door

MONDAY MAR 11

2GUERILLA, BOOMTOWN & X-FM present:

MR. SCRUFF (NINJA TUNE, UK)

Exclusive 4 hr set - Guaranteed to move the floor shakers, shoe gazers and crate diggers. Doors 9pm/\$14 Advance @ Zulu, Boomtown, Futuristic Flavour, Bassix, FWUH, Scratch, Sonar (no s/c)

TUESDAY MAR 12 -- Brand New Night!

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THURSDAY MAR 14

MAC ZIMMS (BANGO, Holland)

The Dutch house legend. Plus Grooverobber and Horsey, presented by LIME.

Doors 9:30pm/Advance tix available @ Bassix, Futuristic Flavour, Boomtown, Hypnotik

FRIDAY MAR 15 -- Brand New Night!

OVERWEIGHT Fridays presented by CIRCA FOOTWEAR

in association with B-MAN & KRAFT and FWUH Hip Hop Shop. Trimming the fat off of hip hop with DJs SCOTT ARKWEEL, SCIENCE, AGE, MAT THE ALIEN and more in the Large Room. Strictly underground hip hop upstairs. Doors 9:00pm/Cover \$7

THURSDAY MAR 21

NORDIC TRAX presents **SPEAKING WITH SOUNDS**

w/spec. guest JONENE (San Fran) Co-founder of Panhandle Records joins the NT crew for another deep house session. Plus Luke McKeehan and downtempo from Matty (Automatic) & Dana D in Rm 2. \$8/doors 8pm

SATURDAY MAR 23

INSIDE 1 YEAR ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

Feat. E-SMOOVE, the legendary Chicago DJ/Producer/Remixer. Plus a live performance by Superstar Diva LATANZA WATERS. Exclusive engagement!
Doors 9pm/Cover \$15 at the door only

SUNDAY MAR 31

SUNDAY SESSIONS: **EASTER WEEKEND SPECIAL**

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Room 2: DJs Crankenstein, Soda Pop, Dana D, Kris Palesch (Eclectic Beats)

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SAT APR 13 - **THE WIGGLE SHOW** THU APR 25 - **GREYBOY**

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GIRA RESPONDS

Hi Barbara,

Michael Gira here. Firstly, just wanting to thank you for running the piece in *Disorder*. Thank you! The show itself was one of our weakest, for various reasons, so I hope you weren't too disappointed. Maybe next time, if there is one.

Just typing the article/interview up for the website now... sorry I didn't delve "into the body" too much (yikes!), but I appreciate anyway the serious tone of your intent. There's a book called *Bridal Gown Shroud* that was published by Creation Press, in the late '80s I think. The author is Olivia Gladwell. It's a sort of free-wheeling feminist critique of pop/mass culture, with a focus on popular music. There's actually a chapter titled "Michael Gira" in it, which is, to me, both hilarious and slightly intimidating. In that chapter she goes into various degrees of impenetrable (pun intended) depth regarding some of the

ideas you mention in your pre-ambles to our interview. I thought you might possibly find it interesting. I've been meaning to type it up for the website, but it's several thousand words long, and I have to admit, not being schooled in the rather arcane parlance of feminist post-modern critical thinking, it's largely incomprehensible to me! Anyway, seems likely that Creation has a website (they're based in the UK, if that helps), so if you're interested, you might want to look it up...

That's it, and thanks very much once again.

Best wishes,

Michael Gira

COMIC STRIP CRITIQUED

Dear Airhead,

This letter is in response to the blasphemous representation of rock-skipping that was put forth in the February edition of *Kick Around*.



While I do not doubt the intentions of the cartoonist, it is important to point out the flaws in these drawings that, left unchecked, would lead new skippers the Lower Mainland over to fail in any attempts at achieving that crucial first hop. The only reason rock skipping isn't bigger than skateboarding amongst today's youth is because they are too easily discouraged when they can't get their rocks "up" after contact with the water. If one of these hypothetical initiates were to follow the lead of Mr. Malin's cells, they are destined to give up the sport entirely for lack of satisfaction. Having said this, I will now go panel-by-panel to point out these flaws.

Panel number one innocently enough depicts the selection of stone (of dorsally-compressed cobble, if you will). Unfortunately, the chosen rock, while sufficiently flat, seems to be of igneous origin (as indicated by the white quartz intrusion band running across it). Every hunk knows that it is the shales and slates that are best for skip-

ping. Just in choosing, the skipper in this comic has lost up to 12 per cent from his/her total hops.

Panel two shows a figure set back at least five meters on the shore. While this is fine and good for fair skipping conditions, it just doesn't cut it for the off-road conditions so obvious in the background. Since the probability of positional uncertainty in the stone increases with distance from release, it is simply inexcusable to show a



a frame on the contested kick around

rock being tossed at a distance into such treacherous seas. What if the wind swept it off its throwing plane? What happens when the kinetic energy falls to shit and it has to dart through a cresting breaker? How many

rain drops will it take to slant the stone to a hopeless angle? This leads into the problem from panel three, when the stone is thrown into off-road conditions with the slightest alteration to conventional style. NO NO NO! First of all, when it comes to off-road, it's got to be thrown helicopter style. The way the depicted participant is tossing, there is no way that the cobble could have enough spin to overcome the retarding force of the water whence it touches down. Secondly, in these conditions, it's important to come at the water from a significant angle, so as to rebound rather than leave the thrower to the random nature of water. Furthermore, the greater the approach angle, the less likely it is to get caught on the underside of a wave.

If panel four is to be taken seriously, readers of this comic are going to think that its proposed technique should result in an actual skip. Such a sequence puts the ULLS back into BULLSHIT. When these readers fall under bad instruction, they are going to think less of themselves, resolving to quit before suffering any more damage to their self-confidence.

So what harm comes of all this? Humans have been skipping in the sport of stone skipping from the outset. Even though it has outlasted all sports through all history,

skilled practitioners are declining at an alarming rate that parallels the sagging recruitment. First-timers could succeed at the outset given the right conditions with the slightest alteration to conventional style. This success is immensely satisfying and would likely result in a huge popularity spike. Rock-skipping is free, sustainable and extremely bet-worthy. Best of all, it takes no athletic ability. For these reasons, it would proliferate in the absence of misformation. This will not happen until awareness is drawn to the seemingly harmless directives like that which fell from the pen of Mr. Malin.

Sincerely,

Spencer

PS: If anyone is interested, I am in the middle of organizing the World Rock Skipping Championships of the World. The WRSWC will be held at Spanish Bains in June during low tide (Date TBA). For more information, email: <wrswc2002@yahoo.com>

PPS: The last two panels were rather agreeable.

And on that note, we here at *Disorder* have heard that a *Kick Around* anthology is now available in book format. Email <kickaround@hotmail.com> to demand your copy.—Ed.

vancover special

local reviews by Janis McKenzie

MARK CROZER
Unnatural World
(Tinderbox Productions)
Mark Crozer sings smoothly and usually softly, with a confidently beautiful but very masculine voice that is somehow both soporific and insistent. On about half the songs, it's just an acoustic guitar and his voice, singing about unrequited love, self-discovery, madness—even, on the nearly deathly slow title track, pollution and politics. He's been compared to Elliott Smith and fellow Brit Nick Drake, but when the electric guitar and drums kick in, on "Better than the Truth" and "I Can't Get You Off My Mind," you might be reminded more of *Badfinger* and *Big Star*. (The keyboard intro in "A Tragic Man" is distinctly more Beatles-y.) But whether it's a stripped-down post-folk or lachrymally layered pop tune, Crozer's lyrics are full of images of waves, tides, the sky, and precious glimpses of light. www.markcrozer.com

AUBURN
Is It You?
(Independent)
Even if you've never heard Auburn, you might have seen singer/songwriter Shelley

Campbell around town in her role as stylish and sophisticated president of the RANCH Society. For this EP (a taste of a full-length CD to come out in the spring), Campbell gathered members of *Radiogram*, *Coal*, *Flophouse Jr.*, *Bughouse 5*, and *Bocephus* King in her living room to record a few rock-country songs. She must have quite a living room. The production is flawless, and even though you might not hear any "drinking" and "laughing" background noise, there's a feeling of warmth and cohesiveness that implies all those contributors gathered around in a few cases of beer and overflowing ashtrays for a week-long musical house party. Through all this, Campbell's voice is vulnerable, sweet, and untrained—but wordily-wise as any Appalachian child-bride singer taking her first steps to the Grand Old Opry.

www.auburnipfox.com

KICK IN THE EYE
Rock and Roll Needs a Kick in the Eye
(Independent)
Imagine, if you dare, a husband and wife musical two-piece who

live in Mission and describe their sound as "super-charged, country-fried boogie." You might wonder why they would even think of sending their EP to the likes of us—after all, they might be the kind of duo that plays covers on the pub circuit under names like Peaches Wild and 2 of a Kind. Luckily (and I hope you musicians out there will take note), I don't let questions like this deter me from listening to the CDs that come in. And what I heard right away was a rollicking country-blues-rock first track with—most shocking of all—very familiar vocals. As it happens, this husband and wife team, Marian and Donnie Lochrie, used to front a band called *BMX*, one of Vancouver's great pop-hop acts of the mid-'80s. Kick in the Eye has BMX's striking girl-and-guy quirky/funk vocal sound, this time combined with energetic, cowboy-boot-stomping songs. If you remember BMX, you'll be pleasantly surprised by the transition; if you've never heard Marian and Donnie before, download a track from their web site and find out why they caused such a fuss the first time around.

www.kickintheeyemusic.com

fucking bullshit

bullshit by Christa Min

It is clear to me that The Role of Eagles are one of the worst bands of all time.

I know everything there is to know about music in the last 30 years. EVERYTHING. I am amazing. Eagles fans don't know any better. They just settle on the Eagles because of a delicate combination of close-mindedness, laziness, and stupidity. I know that none of you like the Eagles. You're thinking "I only like UNDERGROUND ARTISTS who no one else knows about. I am an INDEPENDENT."

I'm going to tell you about some of the greatest bands ever to make music. And don't say you've heard of them because I know you haven't. Don't say you have their records because you don't. So listen.

The greatest band to ever come out of England was called Soft Pussy. They were four fat Chinese girls who only recorded one 7" in 1974. They were absolutely incredible. On November 4, 1974 they played their first and last show in the basement of lead singer Labia Chow's house. Soft Pussy had two guitars, bass, and drums, and they all sang at the same

time. The first song they played was from the 7" they had finished a week before the show called "Want to Sex You." The song was so explosive that the circuits in the old house couldn't handle all the power being funnelling originating from the outlet in Labia's basement, started to burn. The fire spread quickly, but no one noticed because of the mind-blowing intensity of the "Want to Sex You." They thought it was all part of the show. When the song ended, Labia turned around to look at her drummer and screamed when she saw the towering flames. Everyone trampled on each other trying to get out the door, then they watched from across the street as the house burned down. All of the 7's were lost in the fire. Except for two. One of them belonged to me and I can't tell you who gave it to me and told me this story because of legal issues that are sure to arise after you finish reading this. The other 7" belongs to Chris Newman. He lived down the street from Labia. He always heard Soft Pussy practicing from his bathroom window. He talked to Labia sometimes, and she had

told him about the show. Colin Newman came to the show, alright, but he left before they even started, with the 7" he stole crammed in the ass of his pants. In 1977, Newman and his band The Role of Eagles released an album called *Pink Flag*. I know you have it, you HIP, INDEPENDENT, ARTISTIC readers. Take that baby out and listen to "12XU." It's a great song. It's a great song because COLIN NEWMAN STOLE IT FROM SOFT PUSSY. It is an exact rip-off of "Want to Sex You." All he did was alter the title a little. I don't know what happened to Soft Pussy after that fire. Maybe we should ask Colin Newman.

Look, I'm a nice person. I'm not going to keep all these secrets to myself (except for the Soft Pussy 7" which is locked in a secret safety deposit box), so here are three ESSENTIAL, SEMINAL, INCREDIBLE albums you should own, if you're lucky enough to find them. 1. *Sexsleazy's Affinity*. Labia and the Vomitoons' Soggy Mattress, and Metal Kick's *Feeble* Mattress. You don't know anything about music until you hear those albums. Trust me. The best. •

strut & fret

performance/art by Penelope Mulligan

PIGEONS INTERNATIONAL

The Other
Saturday, January 12

The Roundhouse

With an opening scene which could have led into nothing more than an immaculately directed piece of contemporary dance, *The Other* suspended us in an arctic waiting room. A carpet of fur covered the entire playing area and the sound was of a giant buzz-saw cutting through glacier. A huntress moved slowly across the landscape to rescue an unconscious hermit, but as she dragged her burden into the wings, the scene shifted and a traveler appeared at the other end his pile of bundled luggage. A customs officer entered, pushing his counter ahead of him and the traveler opened a trunk to take out a wild-eyed woman who made me think of Ophelia. Her wrists were bandaged. At this point, I knew these people could be trusted and felt the chattering, literal part of my brain get up to go wait in the lobby.

Montreal-based Pigeons International has been creating sensually and imaginatively rich dance theatre since 1987. Conceived, choreographed and

directed by company co-founder Paula de Vasconcelos, its latest work was inspired by an excerpt from a Portuguese novel. The company states that they consider stage direction to be a form of scenic writing—a big hint as to why there's so little trinket with linear narrative, and more importantly, why that works so well.

Characters from vastly different times and places would appear, at first in separate vignettes which hung in a void (lighting design played a vital part here). A fairy tale queen searched for meaning beyond her royal role while her dwarf king was trapped in his raging composure. The traveler and the wild-eyed one had a boisterous showdown of Slavic drunkenness. A tap-dancing customs officer would periodically skitter across the fur. Fragmented and dreamlike to be sure, but at some deeper level I was connecting the dots and wondered if waking life also unfolded like this—ripe with possibilities in the split second before we start trying to make sense of it all.

The meltdown revolved around the notion of the Other as someone who could penetrate

the layers of imposed identity—a kind of antidote to the ego. The characters began pairing off in surprising couples. The queen found a lover and a shaman in the hermit who in turn met his soul-brother in the drunken traveler. The huntress stripped the king of his garments and raised him to his full height (he'd been walking around on shoe-clad knees). In one fabulous image, the traveler held the ends of wild-eyes' wrist bandages and unraveled them as he tore across the stage, which by this time had become a road traversed by lunatics.

Their physical theatre talents already established, the cast—Celine Bourcier, Gregory Hlady, Anne le Beau, Rodrigue Proteau, Carla Ribeiro, Bruno Schiappa, and Paul-Antoine Taillefer—started revealing their dance chops. Le Beau was a particular standout in a powerful modern solo and the entire group erupted into a euphoric blast of East European folk dance. The most comical scene was also the most subversively liberating: the motley gaggle laughing its way on mase around the notion of the Other as someone who could penetrate

The best theatre inspires us

to get acquainted with our madness in order to use it with intelligence and compassion. It reminds us to keep dream fragments in our pockets and jingle them like loose change. It offers escape only in the very best sense: the nourishment that results from a wild upheaval in priorities. There are books, films, etc. that do this as well—which is why I tend to group things by flavour rather than by medium—but when live theatre can take us to these places without the technical freedoms of film or the imagination gap of the printed word, it's perhaps the biggest accomplishment of all. It's early days yet, but I'm betting that this one makes my top 3 list for live performance in 2002.

THE ELECTRIC COMPANY

Flap
Saturday, January 26

Vancouver East Cultural Centre
It was good to see The Electric Company back in the territory that made *Brilliant* and *The Wake* so memorable. With a visual and conceptual set-up that was both dreamlike and intellectually wiry, *Flap* looked to have everything going for it. Something wasn't right though, and despite its strengths, I was wringing my hands.

But I don't want to go all misery guts on this without saying that there was a fabulous piece of theatre trying to fight its way out of here. The story's skeleton was sound: three partners in an architectural firm are on the site of a long-overdue project. Mere hours before the ribbon-cutting ceremony, they're still discovering critical glitches and much is revealed about their relationships with each other and to the creative process itself as they attempt to smooth them out.

As the partners Cooper, Crowne and McIure, David Hudgins, Kevin Kerr and Jonathan Young were a physical theatre dream team—brilliantly synchronized and inventive. I've long admired director Katrina Dunn's ability to powerdrive choreographed theatre and *Flap* contains some of her best work yet. In one hysterical sequence, the architects were sucked

through an air duct. This was executed against a whirling vortex projected on the upstairs wall, complete with actor-generated sound effects straight out of a vintage cartoon. The hijinx were given a dark undertow by the notion that this was the only connection between two of the building's wings. It felt like The Three Stooges were loose in Katla's Castle.

The production's greatest gift to itself was the set, and I kept wishing that the creators had trusted it more. Designed by the company along with Adrian Muir, Michael Gall, and Robert Parke Harrison, it was dominated by a big, rusty-looking grid which the performers worked with manic energy and skill as they swung from it, balanced on it and crawled across it. Music slid from classical to contemporary ambient and Muir's dingy light turned it all into a metaphor for the furnace rooms and dark stairwells of the imagination. It was so evocative that the only lightest touch was needed to flesh out the script—and it was here that the writers should have backed off a bit. The show would reach escape velocity only to keep grounding itself with plot clutter which felt at odds with where the whole thing wanted to go.

As written, the character of The Client (Kim Collier) was part of the clutter. A graceful, tomboyish young woman, she snuck around the site installing plants in the partners. All of her hissing and shushing from the balcony and flitting in corners gave ponderous and irritating. Besides, it was hard to buy her type as someone rich and eccentric enough to commission what was, by the way, a flying house. We were told that she kept sabotaging the project because she was secretly afraid to fly, but she was much too vague to embody any of this and so the psychologizing felt perfunctory. It might have worked better had she been some tweedy old blue stocking with an Amelia Earhart fixation. As it was, the flying business seemed inconsequential and bogged things down.

The company states that they were "inspired by the beau-

tifully absurd works of Rube Goldberg—the cartoonist who became famous for his illustrations of impossible inventions that achieved the simplest task through the most complicated means." Inspired is good, but to actually use the Goldberg contraption as a model for developing a script probably wasn't such a great idea.

THE PLUG HOLE

When it comes to things like gender, race, and body parts, I'm a bit of a gophotaphile. If there's a point to be made, then my batte-ye'll is more likely to be "disperse and subvert." Nonetheless, the festival of solo female performers known as *2000 Women* is irresistible. Now in its second year, the event has expanded to 5 days and will feature 13 artists in dance, film, multi-media and theatre.

Being a solo act has obvious advantages—decisions needn't be discussed, touring is usually cheaper and it's so easy to schedule rehearsals—but there are also unique challenges to being on the spotlight, and I'm always intrigued by how individuals pull the trigger with what they've chosen to express.

If you've seen the very stylish calendar produced as a fundraiser for the event, you'll have a passing familiarity with the ladies in the line-up. There will be theatre pieces by Jennifer Anderson, Shannon Cluff, Espirito Santo Maurício, Jennifer Mawlin, Krista-Lyn Morrison, and Juana Ruddell; multi-media works by Salmon Avancha, Bonnie Davis, and Melissa Montgomery; and films by Dena Ashbaugh, Tammy Bentz, Lisa G, and Gena Sauter.

2000 Women runs from March 6-10 at Studio 16 (1545 West 7th Avenue). There are varied programmes nightly at 8pm with 2pm shows on Saturday and Sunday. Preview night on Wednesday, March 6, will feature 5-minute tastings of the live performances as well as screenings of the films. For full schedule details, look for a brochure, phone 604.736.0185 or go to 2000women.com.

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panarticon

the sound of spectacle by tobias



Democratic rights, if they are to be concrete rights, must be based on the expression of forms of social difference and the freedom of expression and association of oppressed groups. Unfortunately, national security in the Canadian and other contexts operates by precisely attacking the democratic rights of these groups — Kinsman, Buse, and Steedman, "How the Centre Holds," in *Whose National Security?*

COMBAT in BC

The gloves are coming off in all sectors, and one of the most potentially powerful masses—the student population—is awakening once again to fight the bitter war against tuition increases. A singular, insulated struggle, evident when just this past year, the CPS embraced with unbridled enthusiasm Gordo's (false) promise to maintain the tuition freeze. To be so incredibly short-sighted, and not comprehend the scope of the current regulatory, fiscal, and governmental changes, is a continual fault of the student movement. For students are often living near or below the poverty line, and all policies affect their well-being. The bittersweet tax

cut does nothing for the average student, who makes little income at all and is usually up to the eyeballs in debt. We've seen the complete destruction of Work Study and job subsidization programs that allowed the average student—i.e., not the rich BMW-owning variety—to achieve a post-secondary education. Students: Wake up! The tuition freeze is not the only issue, and not even the greatest threat! Resistance means grasping the network of oppression...

Power to the First Nations

With Stephen Owen's grandiose equation between militant First Nations and Palestinians sweeping *Vancouver Sun* headlines recently, it is time to unravel the roots of this logic. Owen makes good on his justification for militancy: with generations of poverty creating an unsustainable livelihood for many First Nations peoples, it is no wonder, says Owen, that they turn to militant tactics, much like the current plight of the Palestinian people. But Owen's assertion that there is a group who "comes in" and convinces hopeless youth that martyrdom is an

option is hopelessly lost. The "militant" First Nations movement is more than a reactionary

While I cannot speak for what the militant First Nations movement is, I give it the fullest respect for being a strong, intelligent movement that sees its goals in a broader agenda beyond simple referenda and treaties. What is at stake here is not simply money, or land-reforms: it is an entirely different way of being, of living and relating.

policy to Canada's "silent" genocide, nor is it some retro-extension of some long-lost "Warrior Culture" that can be written off in a racist moment of "cultural backwardness." While I cannot speak for what the militant First Nations movement is, I give it the fullest respect for being a strong, intelligent movement that sees its goals in a broader agenda beyond simple referenda and treaties. It is a movement of a people, a heritage and a land and a value-system, a society, that will not rest until its demands are met. For often the demands exceed the under-

standing of the Eurocentric, North American corporate culture of the consumer. What is at stake here is not simply money, or land-reforms: it is an entirely different way of being, of living and relating. Want to learn more? Phone Video-In Studios (604.872.8337) and ask to book the *Warriors on the Water* video. Then drop by and watch it—for free!

CELEBRATION.

Vancouver's Black Crack Part II

The more I continue to scour Vancouver's cultural wasteland for the flowers that manage to grow in the cracks of Gordo's pavement, the more I come to realize that there is an entire underground network of healthy foliage—some who have never seen the sun, others sunflowers at this very moment—who are desperately seeding their petals and seeking a sunny field. With every passing Spring, the resilient Northern flora grows one step closer to cracking entire

fissures of blacktop. One such hardy flower is the beautiful debut release from Kris Palesch's Active Pass records. (And before I continue, I must comment that the current Vancouver trend of naming tracks and labels after geographic landmarks is a great way of putting us on the map.) Stephane Novak, a.k.a. Pilgrims of the Mind, has created a panoramic deep-house EP that is expertly detailed in its production of sound and groove. With deep basslines anchoring solo, dubby synthesizer riffs and a jazz piano which presides over a strong kick, *Urban Fever* is a stellar record from a mature producer that more than launches this label as a purveyor of music with emotion, funk, and intelligence.

Seattle's Fried Funk + Beyond

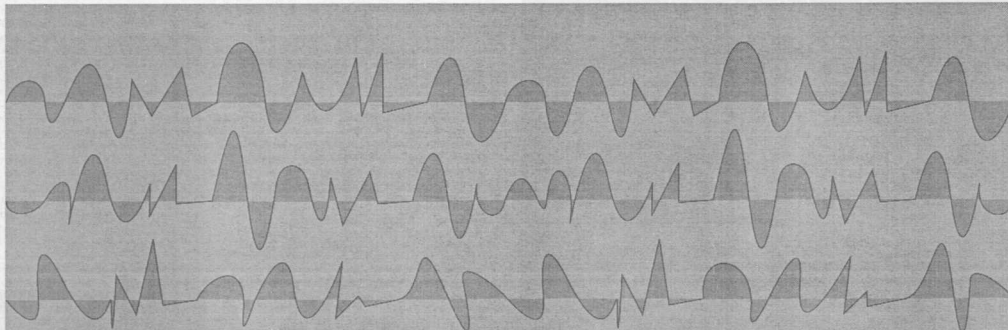
Seattle—much like Vancouver—has also launched into the lime-light with its fresh labels. The most notable is Squid Records, run by the maniacal duo known as Jacob London, a.k.a. Bob Hansen and Dave Pezzner, whose sense of humour is, without a doubt, the weirdest in the history of house music. With track titles such as "Gutterballs" you've just got to wonder what happens to all that BC bud when it crosses the border. The most brilliant release so far is *Slom Time*. This EP has everything: solid production, a catchy sample—"Keep Cool Baby"—and

floor-slammng **Random Factor** (a.k.a. Carl Finlow) remixes, making it a crossover hit for house DJs who want to move into grooved repetition or for techno DJs who want to slam the backbone of the funk. And I can't help but mention a little something from Crique, alias Mathew Ross Davis, called *The Telling for Olives EP*. This East Coast indie pressing of eclectic, minimal electronica is reminiscent of the diversity that made Fat Cat records a sound collector's wet dream. According to soundartist asess, it is like driving a marshmallow car—not too pleasant, because it is a bit sticky, but still really cool as the rubbery, marshmallow palm trees are dancing outside your sugar-window. Also of note is the stellar *Contact 09* by Mexican artist and member of the Nortec Collective, Murcof. I've been waiting quite some time for someone to redefine minimal techno with dramatic tension, a dose of silence, sampled cello, and stellar production. Well, this record has done that and more...

Up and Coming

Signal and Noise returns to the Video-In March 21-24 with a wot of experimental audio and video. Watch for **Tomas Jirku** March 29—here's a Toronto-based Force Inc/Substracif minimal house and experimental techno artist... check www.shumtribe.com.

Until Gordo is Gone! •



signal & noise



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SEVENTEEN

kill your boyfriend

comics and graphic art by Robin

Two weeks ago my friends and I went to the Alternative Press Exposition in San Francisco. Two days of nothing but alternative comics from all over the continent. I managed to pick up hordes of minis and indie press what-have-yous but it sucks because the odds of you finding any of the stuff I'm talking about are next to nil. So instead I'm going to wax ecstatic about someone you see everyday.

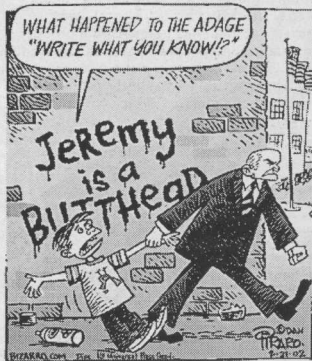
One of our stops that weekend was The San Francisco Cartoon Art Museum. They have an exhibit called "Life is Strange and So are You," a retrospective and inside look at Dan Piraro—more commonly known as the brain and fingers behind *Bizarro*. You've seen it, I know you have (it's in the *Sun*). *Bizarro* is a one-page gag strip full of wit that's beautifully drawn with humor going on. The comics page in any paper is usually a complete waste of time, but *Bizarro* stands out.

Piraro started *Bizarro* 16 years ago, putting out a collec-

tion once a year. Similar to *The Far Side*, Piraro challenges the reader to think. For example: sign makers on strike, their picket signs blank. He also challenges you creatively by forcing you to dredge up old art school terms so you get the argument between Picasso and Escher. He's a humorist for all walks of snob, but his sense of kid is still firmly intact. Interspersing *Where's Waldo?*-type strips with puzzles and parodies of other newspaper strips, he challenges you to stretch your imagination. There isn't a single one that doesn't elicit a laugh. He also uses that dry wit to make you contemplate consumerism, the NRA and New Ageism. He also takes all in pop culture we hold dear and rips it apart. Intelligent and non-pandering, Piraro leaves you curious for more.

The exhibit mostly consisted of his original strips, with clever commentary in accompaniment. For instance, worried that one too many *Family Circus* parodies would get him in trou-

ble, Piraro was only encouraged upon discovering that Jeffy Keane was one of his biggest fans. The exhibit also showed off the covers for his collections.



radio free press

zines, etc. by Bleek

A Radio Free Press Guide to Zine Sighting.

Believe it or not, there are some things that even I don't know—even when it comes to what makes a zine a zine. I've been running across small photocopied scraps of sorts that are somewhere in the realm of indefinable. Small two-to-four page things with barely a hint of direction or purpose. Yet somebody took the time to print a tiny leaflet of splashy photos with nary a clue as to what we're supposed to derive from it. Zine? I don't know. Title? Not sure. At times someone on the street recognizes my very familiar face, jumps at the chance for a little notoriety and slips me the tiny publication for review. However through further exploration I read the wonderful "good news" that God loves me but I'm going to Hell. Then it occurs to me that this is not a zine at all! So what separates the coffee shop newsletter, product catalogue, political flyer or nutball propaganda sheet from what we generally recognize as a zine? Often the differences are minimal, ranging from those rough little things that are

almost zines to magazines that have "graduated" to full colour, glossy covers.

One little thing that measures all of 7cm x 11cm is called *BIBLE SKY* (not made by God this time). Handwritten and very short, it is full of a sentimental content, including a "how to make wine" page. The editor is Amber from Box 313, New Denver, BC V0G 1S0 (and I don't even know where that is). This one I'll have to put in the "quite nearly a zine" category I just made up.

During my recent jaunt through Puerto Vallarta, I found this veritable Zine. With all the appearance and structure of a regular half-legal photocopied zine, *Le*, exactly the size of my own fanzine. *101 CIENTO UNO* is completely in Spanish (big surprise there) and covers an interesting range of topics including the cover story about the philosophy of Nietzsche, music, and movie news. Even a review of the comic *Franz*. Plenty of ads too in this hip Mexican rag which I'll have to label "effectively zine-esque." (Astro publications, Fermin Riestra 1517, Col. Moderna, Zona Centro, CP 44190,

Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico) We can be assured that *NIGAE* is a proper zine, and until further notice I'll label it a proper zine in function and format. This one mysteriously appears in places like Zulu Records and the CTR offices—among other locations. I'm sure. A zine for politically aware eccentrics, *Nigae* takes on all at the current "war-to-end-all-wars," interviews *Scooby Doo's* Velma (was that really her name?), and includes some Orwellian and Huxleyan predictions of future world malaises and a helpful guide on how to eat bananas (perhaps now I'll finally get it right). <world-war1984@yahoo.com>

So all the zine-ism is almost sorted out, but now we contend with those zine-like but far more complicated publications. A few of our faves have moved on to glossy covers and may have ad reps even. I mean, where do underground-ish but prob-jobby things like *3600: The Hacker Quarterly*, *Thumb*, *Giant Robot*, *Bust*, *Your Flesh*, *Grooves* or (*Aint Nobody*) *Like Fuckin'* *Moonshine*, and many, many more go? Are they still zines or have they evolved into magazine land? Do

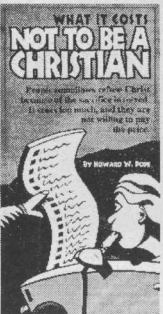
I have seen them lying around the store where I work and they just didn't translate. It was hard to tear my eyes away from the originals: vibrant, bright oils applied with almost sadistic glee. I just wanted to touch them.

But that wasn't even the piece de resistance. On one wall stood two huge oil paintings. At 11' by 6', they were utterly entrancing but it had nothing to do with how big they were. They were both religious-

themed but peppered with a billion little things. Piraro managed to accomplish the impossible. I stared at his paintings for longer than two minutes. The colours were stunning and practically shouted at you. More realistic and less stylish than his comic art, it blew me away. I have a whole new respect for the man. Clean, clear, big, and concise, it was just how I like my art. It was also very different from his regular crazy *Bizarro* stuff. Unfortunately, there is no book of his paintings available yet. It's sort of a hobby. He does have 16 books of his comic strips available, though.

While I was there, I managed to get a hold of his *Sunday Treasury* which is big and full of colour. That's what I really learned all about the man that is Dan Piraro. Did you know that he has a plethora of symbols hanging around all of his strips? Find the upside down chicken. Find the rolling eye. Find the lonely pie. Find the alien and the shoe. There is just so much to do. And that's just naming a few. There's also a strip Horton the Hippo who played with The Who. Piraro owns a 1980s Vespa and boy do they abound in his strips. At one point he even staged "The All-Moond Tour" where he imposed on his fans, traveled the world and then wrote a book about it,

they feel relief at not having to call themselves a fucking zine are anyone? Do they go long to appeal to advertisers or was it the aesthetic goal from day one? Do I ever wish to go pro or do I? Too long to quit? I think I've got a hit song here. When *Do Punk Planet*, *Maximum Rock N Roll* or even *Disorder* fit in? Is it a barcode that creates that separation? A *READERS GUIDE TO THE UNDERGROUND PRESS* (\$5 bucks to Canada, \$4 to the States. Write to PO Box 301356,



Murfreesboro, TN 37133-0156. www.undergroundpress.org) even changed its name from *Zine World* because the word "zine" became so popular with so many major players.

Some of my fave glossies have fairly new issues that are on the hippest shelves even as we speak. During my recent trip to Mexico I took along one of the most perfect music magazines: *THE BIG TAKEOVER* Issue #49 displays that grabby charm, cloth called Iggy Pop and the magazine always features hundreds of very informed reviews and interviews with old punks and the newest upstarts. There's like 288 juicy pages of invaluable info on many of the sweetest unpopular music. www.bigtakeover.com

If that wasn't enough there's also another fat mag of modern rock called *SKYSCRAPER* with tons of music info. The recent issue, #10 is one of the best yet, with personal favorites like *Le Tigre*, *Ladytron*, and *Arab on Radar*. This also features that pincushion named Iggy Pop, *pest-Destroyer*, *Hope Sandoval*, *Thundersticks*, *Lost Kids*, and more. www.skyscrapermagazine.com

Experts in the topic of asshole journalism, *CHUNKLET* returns to the magazine rack again with this issue focused on all things shitty. Shitty live shows. Shitty jobs and just anything that Chunklet finds shitty. Neil Hamburger shows his cheeb face in this issue as does a rather condemning look at Bob Crane (Colonel Hogan's promiscuous philandering. I laughed a bit too hard at the misheard lyrics of *Le Zep*. There are just a million good rea-

called *Bizarro Among the Sargees*. He has games to play, history to tell, poems to read out loud. He demands and holds your attention. You can't skim over *Bizarro* like you can the rest of the comics in the paper. Like I said, I have a whole new appreciation for the man.

There's just so much to look at, even in one panel. His people and faces exude definite character. They couldn't be more expressive. One of my favourite pictures is on the back of the book. It's just a lady, licking her cat. The cat is dangling with a look of such disdain. You glance over to the woman with the huge tongue licking the cat and you know what's going on in her head. I hate cats. I hate my job. I hate my job. It's just so weird, completely funny and entirely engrossing.

I stopped reading the paper a long time ago. You can really only take so much of the cute animals/adorable kid racket. It's nice to see that there is still someone out there doing smart stuff. So do yourself a favour, go down to your nearest used book store, shell out the 5 bucks, his name is Dan Piraro. You will stretch those grey cells and you will laugh your way off. (You didn't need it anyway!)

sons to get this magazine, especially if you're into some of the fascinations inside your skull. Maybe you'll want it for the interview with *The Fucking Champs* or to read about the final days of Don Caballero. Maybe you'll want it for the interview "some" guy named *Narduar* conducts with photographer *Rev Davies*, eh? So many hours of reading pleasure in this thing, really. www.chunklet.com

Another zine(?) that's come Smallville to Metropolis is *COOL BEANS*. Every issue for a long time now, comes with a CD with the oddest variety of indie rock, punk, noise and just weird recordings. The current CD is the drugs, alcohol, and sobriety issue with *Le Ranaldo* interviewing *William Burroughs*, *Rob Crow* of the *Band Theory*, *Pinback*, and *Heavy Vegetable*. Robert Crow on drugs (a reprint from our city's *Territorial City*), interviews with *Hood*, *Loners* with *Boners*, *Fluff Girl*, *Ben Weasel*, *Ursula Rucker*, and lots more. Easy reading and a sort of loser, creatively retarded layout (but, who am I to talk). www.coolbeans.com

If that weren't enough, new copies of digest form publications are available too! Look for the new *Sound Collector*, *Copper Press*, *Little Engines*, and *Baldhead Grampahed*. Zines? Probably not. Zine-like content? Almost assuredly. I guess it's all a matter of making up your own mind about these things. *

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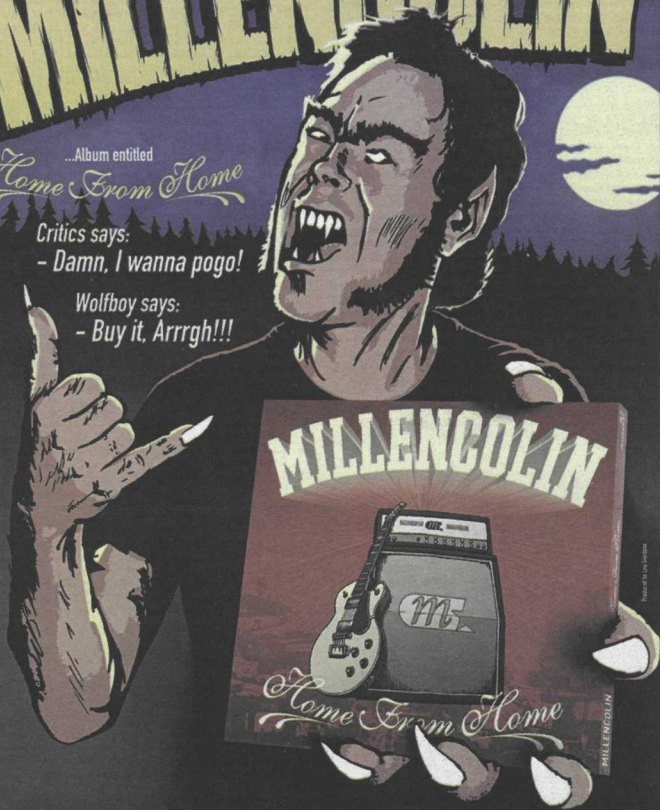
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7 inch



by Bryce Dunn

Okay, forget what I said about February, March is already here biting me in the ass. So without further ado, here's the latest onslaught to the hit the wheels of steel in the last little while—starting with **MATT POND PA**, the PA standing for Pretty Average. I assert from listening to this three song effort. The A-side sounds like most of the Elephant 6 roster, all shimmering strings and harmonies galore, whereas the B-side gave

Whew, gag reflex intact, I need something to take the edge off and I think I've found it in **TRACKSTAR**. Two songs of tongue-in-cheek pop from a member of **The Aislers Set** among others. "The Chord" is a bouncy song about some bands' attempts to bridge politics with puls'n' beats. Think Sloan meets early **Superchunk**, and you'll get the idea. (Omnibus Records, no address given.)

Now, Boston has been her-

Simple Plan" gets some help from a classroom of pre-schoolers to sing the chorus, and "You Wouldn't Be A Piece Without Your Moustache" kicks off with this line about Tom Sellick and it made think of my friend CC Voltage who dressed as Magnum PI for Halloween last year—the irony of that just made me laugh. (Big Wheel Recreation, 325 Huntington Ave. #24, Boston, MA 02115 USA)

Speaking of Mr. Voltage, his

THE SPITFIRES



A Juke Box High

B Alone

me uneasy **Dexy's Midnight Runners** flashbacks with its banjo-laden introduction. Maybe the full-length has promise. Check it out on (Polyvinyl) Record Co., PO Box 1885 Danville, IL 61834-1885 USA)

Drive-In Records from Grand Rapids sent us a couple things: First, **THE CLIENTELE/CLOCK STRIKES THIRTEEN** split, of which The Clientele piques my interest with its subdued, minimalist take on **Tindersticks** or a kinder, gentler Nick Cave. **Clock Strikes Thirteen** clocks in with a cover of the aforementioned group with more of a Euro sixties pop feel. I'm dropping the needle on the second seven inch from **THE MABELS** from Melbourne, Australia and I'm hearing a lone voice singing over top a lone acoustic guitar... and now I'm taking it off. I'm flipping over now to the sounds of the same song done up like **Stereolab** (read: droning guitar effects)... and now I'm taking it off. (Drive-In Records, PO Box 888211, Grand Rapids, MI 49588 USA)

aided over the years for its innovative hardcore scene (and on a side note hardcore labels and their packaging), so it comes as no surprise that **CAVE** IN meet both of those expectations. I seem to remember them having a bit more bulk in earlier efforts, but when you are rubbing shoulders with heavyweights like **Converge** and **Isis**, someone has to bow down, so **Cave** IN decided to head to more melodic emo-turf and trade sweaters with **Thursday** and **Hot Water Music** for their two songs ("Li'l OH" b/w "Lost In The Air"). (Hydralink Records, PO Box 590248, Boston, MA 02199 USA)

A band from neighbouring Somerville, MA also understands the thought behind good packaging and good emo and they are called **PIEBALD**. They are also the group who thought up the best album title in recent memory with *If I Weren't For Venetian Blinds, It Would Be Carstairs For Us All*. So with this new legacy to uphold, the boys of Piebald deliver a cool pair of crumbly, melodic tunes that stand up to the test: "Just A

combo **THE SPITFIRES** have just unleashed a hellion of a single in "Jukebox High" b/w "Alone." Just enough power and melody to keep your fist in the air, but the asses still shakin', it's a great teaser for their upcoming testimonial of rock 'n' roll signed, sealed and delivered by your Spitfires coming soon to a jukebox near you! For now, chow down on this platter courtesy of... (Glazed Records, PO Box 82006, Columbus, OH 43202 USA)

And riding off into the sunset for this installment is **MIRAH**, with a tribute to so speak, of all things Spaghetti Western. The song "Cold, Cold Water" done two different ways, but both tipping a tangerine hat to **The Rifleman** et al. An abundance of stark guitar rolling like tumbledweed alongside crescendoing percussion and gin-soaked vocals proves a nice touch to this concept recording. (K Records, PO Box 7154, Olympia, WA 98501 USA)

If he'll be back in the saddle in April, so stay tuned....

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DISORDER: Who are The Organ? (Alias, maturity level, fashion preference, choice of musical weapon.)

Sarah Efron a.k.a. Sarah X.
Maturity Level: Too high, hence she's being replaced by a tween.
Fashion: Goes undercover dressed as a student.
Musical Weapon: Bass.

Katie Ritchie a.k.a. Katie Sketch.
Fashion Preference: Blue shirt, black tie.
Maturity Level: Low.
Musical weapon: Vocal cords.

Jen Jens Smyth a.k.a. Jenny Ewok.
Fashion Preference: 101 different takes on the ordinary pullover (this is the new that).
Maturity Level: Depends whom you ask.
Musical Weapon: Hammond organ.

Deborah Cohen a.k.a. Quiet Deb.
Fashion Preference: Her father's clothes.
Maturity Level: Unknown.
Musical Weapon: Bryan Adams' guitar, which we call "Bry".

Shelby Stocks a.k.a. Stocks.
Fashion Preference: Dirty rock t-shirts and black Com.
Maturity Level: In flux.
Musical Weapon: A beat-up drum kit.



What was the most you ever got paid for a show? How did it compare to your worst job?

Sarah claims she made more money working at the K-Mart Kafeteria than from playing for The Organ.

Are keyboard bands just 1980s clichés like grunge was a tired Black Sabbath rip-off? Please elaborate in refined English like you were comparing Mozart to Beethoven.

We're not a keyboard band. We're an organ band. There is a difference. The organ weighs approximately 2500 lbs.

Should Kreviss reform with 10 keyboard players? How would they compare to The Organ?

We would prefer Kreviss to reform with say, 20 bass players. Apparently the Vancouver City Council was going to pass a rule saying clubs downtown had to turn down their bass. A newly expanded Kreviss should show up at City Hall and show Pui and his friends how it's done.

Have any members of The Organ ever had shows on CTR? Please describe and include whether the show still exists and if not, why the show has been discontinued.

Hmmm. Sarah X went from sophisticated news glory to debauched late night trash, with the now defunct *Dead Air Show*, which featured Katie and ex-companion Barb as smut solicitors. The show was discontinued due to, uh, irreconcilable differences. Check the police file.

Have The Organ been recording? (What, When, Why, How, Who...?) The Organ recorded our brand new 7" at Bryan Adams' studio and the basement of the Argyle hotel, Abbott and Hastings Street, surrounded by teams of hungry mice with water seeping through the sidewalk and falling on our heads. We also recorded some of it in Tara Nelson's bedroom. We perform our best when we are surrounded by Tara's panties and brassieres. Pick up the record at Scratch records or through our website: www.members.show.ca/the-organ.

What bands would The Organ like to play with and where/why? Moxxy Frivious, Gowan, and Art Bergmann on the 2003 all-Canadian Snow Jam Tour.

The Organ boasts members of the infamous Full Sketch who had a CD out. Is it still available? Is Barb Sketch now a famous artist in

Hollywood and snubbing your very existence?

Yes, the CD is still available while limited quantities last. Barb Sketch is now in suburban California. She's long forgotten her Canadian roots and lives on a ranch with her man and a team of horses.

Full Sketch sold unsuspecting buyers shares in their company SketchCo. Given the location of SketchCo, was the company the subject of a CSIS investigation? Were payoffs involved? SketchCo is still alive and thriving. Shares are still available at www.geocities.com/sketchco. Thanks to everyone for keeping the dream alive. SketchCo is a fully law-abiding company and has never been convicted of a criminal offence.

Please provide a short glossary of new lingo coined by The Organ.

Urination station = washroom

The candy place = 7-11

The sitch = the gossip that needs to be addressed immediately

A random = an average boy whose name has been long forgotten

Word up = yeah, that's great

Word down = no fucking way

Ask yourself 2 questions and lie about the answers.

Question: Why is Philippines spelled with "Ph" and Filipino spelled with an "F"?

Answer: Because of dodgy doped up translators living life before spell check.

Please have each member of The Organ describe their favourite organ.

Sarah: I have a love-hate relationship with The Organ's organ. She was my first organ, precious and beautiful, but now degenerating into a moody, unpredictable piece of moldy wood.

Shelby: My favourite organ is my liver for reasons that are obvious to most.

Katie: I love the organ that we use. We're like two giddy, adolescent girls when we're together.

Jenny: My favourite organ is the Hammond B3 and Leslie that I keep in my bedroom.

Quiet Deb: No comment. •



C I T R D J P R O F I L E

Synaptic Sandwich

Saturdays, 8:00-10:00pm DJ Syd Meconse

Record played most often on your show:

Nuw Idol's *Sin*, Electric Nature's *It's Electric*, Christian Vogel's *Whipsunk*.

Record you would save in a fire:

The Cure's "Primary" (live)/"A Forest" (live) 12" single.

Record that should burn in hell:

D.U.P.O.B.S.'s *Sack of Shit*.

The worst band you like:

D.U.P.O.B.S.

First record you bought:

The Great White North, Bob and Doug Mckenzie.

The last record you bought:

Bluesfish, "Three" 12"

Musician you'd most like to marry:

I would like to shack up with that chick—you know the one that does music and stuff. (When I say "chick" I mean it in the most politically correct way.)

Favorite show on CTR:

Homebuss or something like that. Whatever!

Strangest phone call received while on air:

Someone called me from Japan—he was a fan of the show and when CTR went to live streaming he was glad he could tune in over the 'net—that's not strange! *



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FRIDAY
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FROM NEW YORK CITY

LES SAVY FAV

"GO FORTH Les Savy Fav's latest release, is definitely in my top 5 favorite records of 2001, and is one of my favorite bands to see live period!"

- Jason Lajunen: aka some dude.

PLUS GUESTS

THE PICCADILLY PUB

Doors 8pm Show 9pm

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alberta slim

now in his 93rd year



As was noted in the guide to the 1998 Vancouver Folk Music Festival, Alberta Slim is *The Real Thing*. Had he been born south of the border, he would likely have turned up in various anthologies and been cited as an influence by all sorts of trendy bands. Canada's oldest yodelling cowboy and composer of such tunes as "The Phantom of Whistler Mountain" and "When It's Spring Time On the Prairie" has never achieved the fame of, say, Stompin' Tom, but his contribution to our country's musical heritage is no less important. He even pressed his own 78s back in the 1940s, which makes him one of Canada's earliest indie artists.

Alberta Slim (born Eric C. Edwards in 1910) has led a fascinating life. Born in England, raised on the Prairies, he rode the rails in the 1930s, had his own radio shows, and toured across Canada and the US with his circus. The Alberta Slim Circus included Alberta Slim and his Bar X Ranch Boys, Slim's wife Pearl, Bobo the Clown, Slim's trained horse Kitten, a high-diving dog, Susie the harmonica-playing elephant, and two donkeys—one pink and one blue.

These days Alberta Slim leads a somewhat quieter life in Surrey, but he's still happy to perform wherever he can find an enthusiastic audience. Over the past few years, Slim has become a mentor and mascot of sorts to many in the local roots music community. On February 5th, some of these younger musicians (Geoff Berner, Linda McKee, Corb Lund, Sam Parton and more) helped celebrate Alberta Slim's 92nd birthday, and his music, at the Railway Club.

Alberta Slim, sucking on his ever-present mints ("it's good for the arteries") chatted with me by phone the evening after his birthday bash. One of my first questions was about music and what he prefers to listen to these days. Although he claims to like almost any kind of music, he's more interested in CKNW talk shows and doesn't keep up too much with music on the radio.

When asked whether he thought the musicians the previous night had done justice to his songs, he diplomatically replied: "I didn't have any favourites there last night... they did a pretty good job, but they probably needed to practice them a little bit more."

He thoroughly enjoys the fact that his music is proving to be popular with younger generations, but didn't seem too surprised. "I think maybe it's the working people... this music has always been popular with farmers, people working in the forest and the likes. They seem to be closer to the reality of living. I also think that the higher educated you are, you probably would be listening to different kinds of music."

"And you take the United States down there. The wide-open spaces—they go for those type of songs! You know, ranch hands, singing songs of places they go, the good times they have on Saturday night. They sing the type of songs that they're living."

In other words, *plus ça change...*

As it turns out, Alberta Slim has met the man he's often compared to, Stompin' Tom Connors, and is quick to point out a few differences.

"He sings quite a lot of songs, probably closer to the people and what they do. I sing about the territory, landscape, the mountains, more than he does. He sings about hockey games, and miners, which I don't, and he sings about barnyard brawls. He started out playing in the bars, you know. I never liked doing that."

Alberta Slim then moved on to talk about life in the Prairies in the first half of the 20th century. Considering I can barely remember what I ate for lunch yesterday, I was fascinated by his recall and ability to spin a tale with only an occasional nudge from his wife, in the background, to keep him on track.

Alberta Slim's parents, with six children in tow, homesteaded near Lloydminster before 1920 on a half-section of CPR land "with thirteen

Holstein cows, four horses, and some machinery. We built a house and barn with the help of our neighbours." Although he doesn't consider himself to be from a musical family, Slim's dad could play the piano, and his mom could chord on the organ. "We used to sing around the organ nights after work, or whenever we could find time."

He learned to play the fiddle at about the age of 13, when his dad brought a fiddle home and announced to the family that whomever could play "God Save the King" first would have it. When he left home his father gave him a banjo; eventually Alberta traded both the fiddle and banjo for a horse, gaining a guitar thrown in as part of the deal. This was during the "hungry '30s," when he rode the freights (freight trains) for a couple of years and worked across the Prairies to BC, teaching himself to play guitar along the way. He even worked briefly at a hotel on Mayne Island owned by a former Klondike madam.

By the late 1930s Alberta Slim was singing on the radio; his first gig was on the Army and Navy Show on CKCK Regina, (sponsored by the department store chain) singing a Will Carter tune. "There's a Love Knot In My Lariat." He went on to regional fame as a 1940s version of a morning jock. As his press kit boasts, "many a farm girl milked cows to the rhythm of Slim's tunes." CKNW brought him to BC, which eventually became his winter base while he worked and toured with his circus.

In the late 1940s, while gigging around Nova Scotia, Slim composed a song called "When It's Blossom Time In Annapolis Valley" that, in his words, "set the whole province afire." RCA signed him shortly afterwards. To this day Nova Scotia is where he sells the most records and songbooks. He was very happy to return to Nova Scotia last summer for the Stan Rogers Folk Festival in Canso.

"Nova Scotia is very good to folk singers, and some of the greatest singers come from there, like Will Carter, Hank Snow. The people down in Nova Scotia don't live to make money in business—they work to live and be happy. They're not out to talk money all the time. They entertain themselves with house parties, and most people play some kind of instrument."

Alberta Slim continues to perform and can still yodel up a storm, as he showed us at the Railway Club. He enjoys touring and has become popular on the folk festival circuit. In the past few years Slim has played at the Vancouver Festival, Alberta's North Country Fair, Frostbite in Whitehorse, and has his booking agent chasing down more festivals. "But at my age I only want to play about a half dozen a year," he concedes.

Besides performing and composing (he sang me several versions of a new, yet unnamed song over the phone), he keeps busy overseeing the sale of merchandise on his website (5 CDs and a song folio) and managing his real estate investments in the Fraser Valley with the help of Pearl and their two children. "And biddly-bo, I'm a cowboy singer!"

Alberta Slim's secret to a long life? A brisk walk in the morning, a sensible diet including lots of veggies, no red meat or white sugar, and green tea "because it's supposed to be helpful."

Slim's day begins with the "Alberta Slim concoction," which, from what I could gather, includes cod liver oil, blackstrap molasses ("that's got more goodies in it than anything you can buy"), flaxseed oil, ground-up garlic, apple cider vinegar, honey, and grapefruit juice. "I drink that every morning before I go on my rounds."

"Helps to keep the weight down," says Slim, who, true to his handle, carries a trim 127 lbs. on his frame. "I think a lot of people are carrying a lot of weight around which is not good for them at all. And they could easily take it off if they took my concoction!" "Don't you think I could sell it?" he laughs.

For more info on Alberta Slim and his music, or to book him for your next headout, see his webpage: www.albertaslim.com

by val cormier

MARK SZABO CAPOZZI PARK

My favourite Mark Szabo song goes something like this: "Tell me what you remember, I'll think of the smell first and then of the people... I remember when you came to see me you always seemed nervous and under-rehearsed. Through the drugs I could hear you talking. I heard nothing that I would acknowledge. That never stopped you. Your sister's fine, she's at home now, helping out around the house. Your mother's better, she sends her best. She's not the same since the arrest."—"Since the Arrest"

I met Mark at a restaurant in Chinatown, and he managed to stuff fake meat into his mouth—despite the microphone I held in his face—while people outside stuffed needles into their arms like thermometers into turkeys. So I thought of his song about prescription drugs and institutions. I don't relate to the lyrics. But it's my favourite because of the melody. Ask Mark to sing it to you. He's the intelligent and considerate one in Capozzi Park who looks like a street bum.

BY CHRISTA MIN

DISORDER: I heard you called me a hag.
Mark Szabo: No, I never called you a hag. You called me a hag to someone who was referring to the review I wrote about your record.
Do, I know what it was. Somebody else called me up and they said, "Did you see the *Disorder*?" What a hag!"
You don't think my review was positive?
I don't think a positive review uses the word "shitty" more than once.

Fair enough. So why is Capozzi Park breaking up?
"Cause we all want to do other things."
How long have you been together?
Since 1998, I guess. When I started doing the Mark record, *Chocolate Covered Bad Things*, it was just me and then Max, gradually Marcy, and when Steve was in, it was Capozzi Park.

So then why are you putting out a record now?
Bloody-minded stubbornness.
Yours or the band's?
Oh, mine. Mine entirely.

Who put the record [*The Record of Capozzi Park*] out?
Me. I hate to let things go to waste. People are in bands either to be in a band and be known as being in a band, or else they're in a band because they have a lot of fun playing. Sometimes they're in a band for this dream, for the toppest-most of the popper-most dream that has led so many astray in the past.

So are you going to start another band?
I will play for food.
I heard that Marcy Emery was going to put out a CD of all your songs with her singing them.

Yeah, she's been talking about that. She's been doing a lot of groundwork for it. What I did was I made a little booklet. I figured out how my songs went, if I weren't me, and figured out what chords I was playing. I really like major ninths. I found out. I did that and gave it to her, and she's been talking to people around town who might be interested in playing with her.

You won't be playing with her?
I don't think I should really be directly involved. I think it's better the other way. I'm sure we're all curious to see what I'd be like produced well. Which is exactly what she said at one point.

Would you rather have a record produced by Brian Eno or Colin Newman?
Brian Eno. Colin Newman—did you ever hear his second solo one, *Not To?* About half the songs turned up on Wire bootlegs or live records, and just in playing with the arrangements he demolished every one of them. You know, like, make everything go at half tempo because he didn't want to do that thing anymore [*Makes Wire-like guitar sounds*].

But those were his own songs.
Yeah, and you have that choice with your own stuff. I've always been pretty fascinated with that process of whereby a song becomes something else. I always like to play things differently, but I don't play things differently too well, I guess. I can't really get a convincing samba...
Going back to the booklet of your songs you gave to Marcy, how did you figure out which chords you were

playing for normal people? Don't you play your guitar upside-down?

Yeah, but I play right-handed guitars. If you're left-handed you have three options: you can buy left-handed guitars, of which there's one in every forty guitars, or you can play right-handed and just go with the flow, and that makes sense because you can use everything, but I wanted to be able to play every guitar, but it just didn't feel natural playing right-handed. The chords are the same, but the fingerings are different. I think every chord has a name. The hard part was finding some of the names for the chords. I was going down to the music shop and browsing through their 6300 chord dictionaries and just looking for the thing I did with my fingers.

People I play with have a hell of a time at first. Anytime I've ever played with somebody, we'd start playing something and maybe halfway through the song, they'll realize that they can't figure out what my hands are doing, and then they'll realize that it's the upside-down.

I'm going to draw you a square with my finger: this corner is Frank Zappa, this corner is Eddie Van Halen, this corner is Tom Verlaine, and this corner is Kurt Cobain, and the middle is a really **sucky guitar player. Where would you put yourself as a guitar**

player in that square?
I'd be probably more towards the Tom Verlaine side, of the four. I've never owned a distortion pedal. When Superconductor first started up, we'd play together—when it started up it was everybody who could make themselves heard—and I couldn't hear myself because they all had the power.

You still, to this day, have never owned a distortion pedal?
I don't think I've ever owned a distortion pedal.
What's the effect on "She Wants Fun"?
Oh, it must be someone else's distortion pedal.

It's not that you haven't used one, you just don't have one of your own.

Yeah, using them, and distortion is one of my truest friends. There's something about it being really easy—"I'll just press this button down." People use it to show a change in dynamics, but they're just playing the same thing.

Tell me about the last song on the album. Who is that?
That's Robin Frye. He was in the band for several months. Now he lives in Halifax.

So that was a salute to your friend Robin?
Well, he was in the band at the time, and once in, after the initiations and all, you're in a lifelong oath of secrecy.

I wasn't sure that anyone else wrote songs in Capozzi Park, besides you.
Oh, yeah. Josh writes. Josh wrote the music for "Production Booster" and "Statutory Holiday," and Max wrote the lyrics for that. Marcy wrote a fair amount. Robin wrote. Steve wrote, although he didn't write very fast. I don't think we ever finished something of his. How about the recording of the album? It sounds like you didn't do it all at once.

Well, we played it all at once.
I meant, did you record all the songs at one time?
No, it was over the year 2000.
All at different places?
At home, at the Sugar Refinery.
So the live track ["Now"] is actually live. I thought it was fake.

Like "Farmer John" by The Premiers. No, it was actually live. Do you get frisked a lot?

No.
Maybe I'm using the wrong word. Do people ever think that you steal things because of the way you look?

Yeah, once I was at the comic shop and the portly gentleman behind the counter decided that he saw me steal something, so he parked himself by the door, and I went to leave, and he went "Excuse me, what's that in there?" and he reaches in my pocket and there's nothing there. So he checks the other pocket and there's nothing there, and then he goes, "Okay," and goes away, and I go "An apology?" and he just shrugged.

thought that you would say "Yes I get frisked all the time because I look like a street bum."

I think there's something in my carriage that implies that I might be a disgraced member of the upper-classes, or at least upper-middle, some kind of down-at-heels class traitor.
What's the worst word you can think of that starts with an F ends in a K and is four letters.

Uh, fuck.

There's another word that's much worse. Change the C to something.

Fuck. Fuck. What? You want to make me say "funk?"

Yes.
I don't agree. I think that there's something great about funk. Why?

As a word especially, it's horrible.
Originally, funk was that musty smell under your privates.

Would you describe Capozzi Park as being funky?
We're funky. That's six letters.

Mark, when are you going to get famous?
At my martyrdom, I think.

I think so too, unfortunately.

It's a hard thing to face. I remember being 22 or something, and really wanting to do music, knowing that there's no way I'd ever make money doing music, and then somewhere I was reading an article about someone who was pretty big—I think it was the guy from The Lears; he was pretty big at the time—and he started talking about how he did the album at night while he worked his day job, and I realized, "Oh! Everyone has a day job!" Everyone short of, I don't know, Sonic Youth and Elvis Costello had a day job. And I went, "Okay, this is what I'll do: I'll play guitar and get a day job." Max became a carpenter, which was really smart. He's like "I want to play music. I'd better have a useful trade as well." I'd like to do that. I think this is the end of it. One last question and please don't lie about it: Do you have any STDs?

Um, I used to have chlamydia. And this thing *points to his mouth*, my doctor told me it was angular cheilitis—this should not be going on tape. It was a little split in the side of my mouth, and it kind of scabbed, so I yanked it off, and over the space of a week it came back with these little tenders, and it's really freaking me out. *

Capozzi Park play their final show on March 7th with The Butties at the Ariza Club. If you miss it, there's always The Record of Capozzi Park and Chocolate Covered Bad Things. The former members of the band are still making music in various tight leather outfits (Clover Honey, Amy's Rocks, Miniature Pancakes, Ackley Kid, America Jr., southern acific, Baron Samedi and, of course, Mark).

Six questions with four people. This is my first attempt at the email interview, and I discovered there can be a nice side effect. By breaking the band out of a group, I was able to hear all four of their voices. Neat! Viva technology. What follows is the unedited response to my email questionnaire to the members of the Intima. A band based out of Vanolyland, Camerica, they play some nice music with guitars and drums and a violin.

The Intima by Jay Douillard

Andrew // // //

DISORDER: Why are you in a band that actively tries to promote your music (i.e., selling CDs and touring)?

Good question. I think the selling and advertising is a side product of making music we love, travelling around with it, and wanting different kinds of people in far-flung places to hear it—this in a capitalist society where to stay afloat financially you have to “play the game,” at least to some extent. We didn’t really start out with any sort of grand blueprint. In the spring of 2000 we went on a brief tour down to California and back (with a bunch of homemade tapes), and while we were in the Bay Area our friend George Chen offered to release something by us on Zum, the label he runs with his sister Yvonne. From there, things have slowly snowballed. I see the contradictions all around us as we reinforce the passivity of consumer culture by selling Intima product, but I also see it as yet another interesting challenge to deal with in my everyday life.

What is the cohesive element of your band?

Well, we’re two brothers and a couple who are friends and share at least vaguely similar ideas. Otherwise, we have a pretty sizable age range, a variety of different musical tastes and backgrounds, and in interviews you’ll hear us sometimes saying starkly different things. We try to operate by consensus, and we all share a desire to be a part of this project while accommodating our individual desires and needs. You seem to all live in different cities. How does this affect your practices? How do you all band together?

It makes things difficult and occasionally absurd. The band started in Olympia; then Alex and I moved down to Portland over a year ago. We practice twice a month, usually, one weekend in Olympia, one weekend in Portland. Looking at your band’s website, you seem very political in nature. Is there a common band message that you are trying to establish? I don’t know if I can pin down a common message. I’ve been writing the lyrics, but that’s just me. As I’ve said in just about every interview we’ve done, I’m tired of the word “political.” I feel like it too often alienates people with its air of exclusivity. I’d like to make music that reaches out to people in general, not just anarcho-punks or some other sub-division of the industry of Culture. And I don’t want to turn people away from us because they’ll just assume that they’re in for a dose of arch moralism and unimaginative music. On a simple and personal level, I’m interested in trying to peel away the layers of bullshit that separate us all from one another and from the earth beneath our feet. I also play in a fairly traditional musical group. Somehow these themes and activities overlap, for better or worse. Having said all that, I cheer when I see Argentines toasting the parliament building in Buenos Aires, rely on herbs to stay healthy, usually identify myself as an anarchist (it’s the best ideological dish on the menu), and dream like everyone else of stripping the police of their uniforms and sending them running with the collective whallop of a giant beanbag round. I just don’t like being in a pot.

How do you all band together?

I’m a sub-worker in a program for homeless kids that has two shelters and a residential house.

How do you like your respective cities? As you all live in different places I assume you must have certain reasons for your selections of space.

I came to a lot going on in Portland right now, with a constant influx of young people, and plenty of creative ferment. I’d left the social claustrophobia of Olympia. At some point, after living there (and previously living in Missoula, Montana), I came to the realization that if I was going to live an essentially urban life then I might as well expand my opportunities for meeting new people, exploring new places on my bike, thinking about architecture and history, and on and on. I feel more settled here than I ever have, but then maybe I’m just getting old.

Alex // // //

Jay,

This is Alex from the Intima (drums). I’m just writing you to tell you that I don’t do interviews so you won’t be waiting around for my

responses. Thanks a lot for doing it, though. We all appreciate it.

I don’t do interviews anymore because they are contrary to my personal nature. Selling CDs, playing for money, and just simply operating within this system is a hard reality to swallow, a necessity (we all have bills, rent, a stomach), but still a pain all the same. Answering faceless questions to be read by faceless people only reinstates my sense of alienation, and betrays my sense of things. I do like to discuss things with people, but through the lens of a band that is somehow in the public eye, and the “eye” seems to be focused on something akin to a “cult of personality.” I’ve been trying to create tangible things with my hands, not imaginary ideas with my mouth.

Hope that wasn’t too convoluted!

Alexxx

Nora // // //

Why are you in a band that actively tries to promote your music? For quite a while (while I was a depressed and alienated UBC student living in my parents’ house in Burnaby) I never dreamed of doing such a thing—any attempt at connection with anyone, let alone people I’d never met—seemed too terrifying to imagine. I was a big fan of zines (still am) but couldn’t fathom what drove people to spill their art, their ideas, their most intimate feelings and expressions out onto paper and send them all over the place for everyone to read. I still don’t quite get it, but I know that I’m a lot happier to give and receive those things through the band than when I had completely isolated myself. Now I’m making connections with people all over the place, and have a much stronger sense that there’s a bigger community out there.

We hardly cover the cost of printing CDs, tour gas, and car repair, so I don’t feel like we’re being exploitative or profit-hungry at all—definitely part of a network of equal exchange.

What’s the cohesive element of your band? You seem to all live in different cities. How does this affect your practices? How did the band come to be?

Initially I lived in Vancouver and the three guys lived in Olympia, playing together as the Intima about eight months before I joined. I was a lonely kid at UBC commuting in from Burnaby who had the good fortune to fall in with those notorious, nucus-raising APEC-fighting punks, who dragged me down to Olympia one day (for it is a truth universally acknowledged that at one time the entire crew in APEC Alert! had crushed on the entire population of Olympia). There I met Alex, and soon Alex and Themba. We bonded in WTO-striking Seattle, I did a couple of overdubs for them, and their invitation to join the band was my ticket out of Burnaby. I moved back home once or twice while still playing in the band—one month I lived in Vancouver and commuted down on the Greyhound every single weekend! (Five to seven hours each way, depending how vigilant the border cops were about my oranges). Since then, a lot has happened, including Alex and Andrew moving to Portland. But there’s a lot of overlap (socially, politically, and musically) between Olympia and Portland, and a two-hour drive really pales in comparison to the Oly-Vancouver marathon.

Looking at your band’s website, you seem very political in nature. Is there a common band message that you are trying to establish?

We’re pretty different people in a lot of ways, and we certainly didn’t sit down one day and say, “Okay, this is our ideology, let’s shout it over the rooftops!” Andrew writes all the lyrics and is responsible for most of the content of the website, so his voice is the one people outside the band hear most, but we all have input and make most decisions by consensus. I think the band serves as a venue for each of us to express and live out our beliefs, and meet people everywhere who share our frustrations with the world we live in.

What are your day jobs?

I work as a caregiver at a group home for four guys with developmental disabilities (plus one guy is in a wheelchair). I’m a poo-wiper-upper, a cook, an ass-washer, a mama, a janitor, and a referee—I’d highly recommend it. Getting to know the guys has been an amazing experience. **How do you like your respective cities?** As you all live in different places I assume you must have certain reasons for your selections of space.



Despite the recently popular pastime of trash-talking Olympia and mass-migrating to Portland, I like Olympia a lot. It’s a strange cross between a less ethnically diverse Commercial Drive (with the rest of Vancouver chopped away), an all-American city, a big summer camp for horny, bratty, art, and music kids, and a hard-drinking port and logging town. Yes, it’s claustrophobic, inbred, sheltered, and boring at times, but it provides a nice contrast to the big-city alienation I experienced in Vancouver and, proportionally, there are a lot of good people here doing good things. I certainly couldn’t live here forever, but Olympia has been good to me so far.

Themba // // //

Why are you in a band that actively tries to promote your music? I love to travel and I love to play music and in our financial position selling CDs is the only thing that makes both of those things possible. I also like to support the underground networks that are in place. Kids from every town realizing that there are kids in every other town. I put on more shows in Olympia than I play at. Good question. **What is the cohesive element of your band?**

We aren’t always the most cohesive people, to say the least, but we all really like what we’re doing and we’ve all been friends for a long time (Nora being the most recent addition). And we all come together really well when it comes to music. We like what we get out of it and have fun. If I don’t play music for a long time I get really twitchy and weird. You seem to all live in different cities. How does this affect your practices? How did the band come to be?

It’s been rough, that’s for sure. Lots of time up and down I’ve practice a lot and I think that having us live in separate towns keeps us really focused at practice. We don’t really have other places to go or things to do. It gets pretty stressful too because we have a certain element of spontaneity and everything has to be planned out well in advance and we don’t just hang out as friends as much (which sucks).

The band came to be in Olympia when Alex and Andrew were still living here. Andrew and I played together for years before Alex started playing drums with us and that was the band for a while, just the three of us. Then we met Nora and she recorded violin on a song or two and we asked her if she’d like to move here (she was living in Vancouver) and join. And she did. It was a little weird at first just because we didn’t really know her very well and it’s hard to play music with people you don’t know—or at least it is for me because I get somewhat self-conscious. It seems like to get musically you also have to do so on a personal level, which we did.

Looking at your band’s website, you seem very political in nature. Is there a common band message that you are trying to establish? It would take us years to work out a common band message. And if we did, it would have its fair share of addendums, corrections, and conditions. We all have pretty specific personalities and personal ideologies but I think we all agree on some very fundamental things. Alex, Andrew, and Nora have all really changed how I see the world (so has being in a touring band) and I value that. Collectively, this is how I look at it: we try as best we can to live our lives in contradiction to the pervasively oppressive conditions that surround us. We’re pegged as political and radical all the time and we definitely don’t strive to be categorized like that. It’s alienating and it provokes a feeling of superiority or separatism that I really don’t like. It makes politics something you’re part of or not, which I don’t think is the case.

What are your day jobs?

I work at a bookstore in Olympia called Orca and try to do other things on the side. I really like doing graphic stuff for people and right now I’m designing the poster for the upcoming 5RC Jamboree tour. It’s making me really excited.

How do you like your respective cities? As you all live in different places I assume you must have certain reasons for your selections of space.

I feel like I live in both cities. Olympia can get small and Portland keeps me from feeling trapped. But Olympia has lots of really good things going on and strong community that I don’t much want to leave. It’s a love/hate relationship, though. That’s for sure. ♦



Photo: Jane Weitzel

Record players have come a long way since the beginning of the Twentieth Century. Somewhere near the end of this bloody century, enterprising music lovers figured out ways to beatmatch, mix, and scratch vinyl records on Technics 1200s, and the cult of DJing was born. DJing, however, has always treaded a fine line between art and craft. Not quite a radio disc jockey, and not quite a live performer, the DJ as a musician-and-turntablist as an instrument—disc in a grey area that oscillates between becoming an art or a craft. As we enter the Bimbo era, leaving behind the two explicit forms—the hip-hop turntablist and the “dance DJ.” Of the two, hip-hop turntablist has managed to establish itself as an art. The international DMCS provide a way to judge competitors, and many advanced turntablists have invented new forms of scratches and cuts—which can now be written down using a number of hip-hop “scores.” Becoming a talented hip-hop DJ takes years of practice and talent, and the hip-hop community can spot a good DJ from a bad one a mile off. But what about the “dance” DJs? The category itself is already problematic, for many non-hip-hop “turntablists” do not consider themselves primarily a dance jukebox. The question is: what makes up the “art” of “dance” turntablist?

Part I

Tobias v

A Short Manifesto of Turntablism

Turntablism at its fullest has several different aspects of control: tactile (physical manipulation of the vinyl), spatial (effects and processing), frequentist (EQ manipulation), compositional (ordering and choice of the tracks), and auditory (the volume of the track, and use of effects, such as cutting). All of this is combined in the mix, which is the blending of the records using the above techniques through the further skill of beatmatching and compositional arrangement (when to drop the track, and how, and at what volume, and how quickly to bring it in, etc.). The mix is an open space of possibilities, and primarily requires the automatic achievement of beatmatched records. Advanced turntablists, such as Detroit’s Jeff Mills, play with the beatmatching structure (setting one record off by an eighth of a beat, for example), but this is within the general beatmatch of the two records at the same pitch. The mix defines the DJ’s originality, her vision of the music, her response to the music, and not only her interaction with the crowd, but her reaction to the record’s effect upon the crowd. A movement of Dancefloor Dialectics, where the moment of collapse, of spectacle and spectacular simulacra, is the mix. But even this notion of the mix is one among many mixes. The dancefloor is a presupposition, and the notion of the crowd and its expectations a concept and a structural desire. The turntablist learns to utilise the dancefloor-mix as one way of lengthening tension or bringing about closure in a long procession of mixes, each which treats the listener in a different fashion, thereby reconstructing the expectations built up by the crowd of the dancefloor, of dancing, of the necessity of movement, of the proper mode of accepting or rejecting, relating or dissociating, of essentially reacting to the sounds emanating from the speaker stacks. The mix is the aesthetic and creative moment of the DJ, the moment when all is lost or won: a moment of brilliance or defeat when, at the cusp of the successful mix, the tracks coalesce to become more than an amalgamation of sounds and move in orbits of power.

For DJing is a position of cultural power. With turntablism comes a responsibility, as with any art. However, because DJing is an aural medium, and one that pervades senses to a powerful extent, bringing about a reaction from the audience and creating entire sets of expectations, hierarchies, and contexts, it is a responsibility that is infused with a particular thread of ritual power. For Paul Miller, aka DJ Spooky, the DJ can act as a “memory selector” by juggling, cutting, and pasting cultural signifiers into new contexts and selections, thereby deconstructing traditional references and recontextualising the present experience, reminding the past in real-time. Such a position is a refraction node for the dissemination of power, channeling aural signifiers that trigger memory associations that can powerfully move an audience: the result is a ritual of remembrance or reworking of the past to create future-memories, such as the desire of early Detroit techno. In general, the DJ can slip into two modes: that of the commercial Carnival—example the Roxy on a Saturday—and the deterritorialized TAZ—example the warehouse break-in, the forest party, the late-night one-off, the 5 hour set of a sweating house DJ who cries when he drops George Clinton into a minimal house track...

The art of DJing arose in a myriad of socio-political contexts across the globe, all of which have in common a cultural investment in musical interpretation which, in its freest form, is the physical embodiment of music, be it in dance or deep listening. In Europe, such a history is predominantly that of the lower or nomadic classes (the Roma, the Irish gipsy). The aristocrats did not get up and move to the orchestral scores of their conductors; indeed, they were stratified beyond compare in social hierarchies of extreme complexity that simply never granted them the opportunity to even consider such a radical prospect. The Western ball was a carefully constructed semi-Carnival, primarily designed to enforce patriarchal rules of

The Art and the Craft of Turntablism. The DJ School.

male privilege and genealogy through arranged marriage. It was really only with the lower classes that a radical experience of music survived. I do not wish to go into a deep analysis on this point except to note that musical-dance culture often traces its histories through oppressed peoples, through resistance movements, through alternative sexualities, genders, and politics: Jamaican soundsystems, the resistance to modernism of Detroit techno, the sexual liberation of Chicago house, the temporary Autonomous Zone of the early 1990s, the psychodance drug explorations of desert and forest parties, the links to the politics of funk and punk. The music will always hold its most potent liberating force at the hands of these movements; this is why the Top 40 dancefloor is not so much a space of liberation as it is a cage of patriarchy and capitalism, where sexism dominates in fashion and social interaction, where advertisements are bombarded upon the audience through visuals and through the music itself, and the DJ becomes a glorified highball announcer.

Teaching Sonic Power: the DJ School

It is the responsibility inherent with these forms of power that bring us to the question of the DJ School. For what is the responsibility of position of a DJ “school,” a commercial and financial endeavour, in light of these reflections? What forms of DJing is the “DJ school” teaching, and thereby, what forms of power are being taught and emulated? How does a DJ school teach cultural signifiers and histories of other cultures? How does a DJ school teach memory-responsibility?

The Rhythm Institute, situated in Boomtown records in Vancouver, is a new DJ school that caters to beginning DJs. Run by house DJ Leanne, along with accomplished DJs Jay Tripwire, Yann Solo, Wood, Ricco, and Skinny, TRI is a good case study for the emergence of the DJ School. TRI is not being singled out for any reason other than it is new, accessible, friendly, and—according to its website—“the first of its kind in Western Canada.” It is perhaps worth looking at the rest of the statement present on the TRI website before we continue as it gives a good idea of the commercial goals and representation of the school and its mixed position in regards to aesthetic, political, and artistic goals.

“The Rhythm Institute DJ School is the first of its kind in Western Canada. Students receive hands-on training on how to perform all the skills necessary to become a successful DJ using industry-standard technique. Our critically acclaimed, professional DJ instructors take you step by step through all of the latest mixing and turntablism techniques, from beginning to intermediate levels. The best thing about DJing is that you get the chance to express yourself, be creative and satisfied knowing that you are creating the music atmosphere. To achieve this, it takes time, hard work, and a lot of practice. TRI is here to help you accomplish your goals!”

The statement itself is not without merit. It is neither straightforward piece of advertising lifted from the corporate world. Because of its transportation, the advertising mixes with the subcultural roots of DJing in a very odd way: the contexts are mixed, crossfaded the beats with the suits. TRI claims that it will teach you all the skills necessary to become a successful DJ. The emphasis, then, is not on teaching skills to learn an art, such as learning a violin; the emphasis is squarely upon success. What determines “success” for TRI? This is unclear whether it is successfully completing the requirements of the course (learning how to beatmatch, etc.) or, as the statements seem to imply, becoming “successful” as a DJ—and by this, do we mean artistically or financially? Is there a difference? Or both? TRI also claims to teach all of the skills necessary—this would include, it would seem, talent. Or does DJing not require talent? Can simply anyone DJ? Leanne does realise that talent is involved; yet this is the implication behind the advertising: with all of the skills at our disposal—including the “latest mixing and turntablism techniques,” which I find fascinating, as a statement, for it sounds as if these techniques roll off a production line or come from some DJ think-tank—the DJ school will make you successful, irregardless—wait, almost irregardless: there is a work ethic involved: “To achieve this, it takes time, hard work, and a lot of practice.” This is a neces-

sary caveat, and a good one; yet what is being achieved? “Success”—which perhaps can be measured as power, a very particular, perhaps even selfish, power. DJing is the “chance to express yourself”—that’s yourself in those records, and not, say, the producer’s musical soul. Likewise, DJing is the chance to “be creative and satisfied knowing that you are creating the music atmosphere” (my italics). Much emphasis is placed on the powerful role of the DJ as the original creator of the music atmosphere. “The lessons are for you, you are the DJ, and the DJ creates the music—it’s a task, a lead in that entices people to be that power-position. For you are already satisfied with yourself, and because of this, you will be satisfied with the “musical atmosphere” created by you. Are these good reasons to become a DJ—that of you? The reasons given certainly, perhaps unconsciously, latch onto several key principles: The DJ is a node of power, and whenever there are nodes of power—however simulated—there is an influx of desire to be that node of power; in fact, this is the primary focus of the entire statement: be successful, be satisfied, be a DJ.

It’s the car-ad model, the SUV tactic of DJing: be free, get out into nature, with this metal beast... become what you worship: you are the one I am speaking to.

It is necessary to point out that The Rhythm Institute’s Advertising statement is not particular to their business, and I do not wish to single them out in this regard. Rather, it is reflexive of the way DJing is being sold as a commodity of the Carnival. The marketing strategy is that of the my generation—in this case, advertised to you.

Techniques of the Trade vs. Aural Poetics

Upon checking into the school, the student fills out a questionnaire that asks them why they want to DJ, whether they are passionate about it, and what sort of music they like. A lot of effort is made to teach the student in a context that can be utilised by the teachers for instruction. Leanne, who is the house music teacher, explains to me that some of her students are party-goers and dancers who simply wanted to get behind the decks; one particular student, however, is an older woman who wanted to learn something new, and has no prior experience with the subculture. Other students include musicians who want to incorporate DJ skills into their instrumental capabilities. It is obvious that the DJ school has the potential to become a truly heterogeneous space of cross-cultural influences. Perhaps because of this diversity, TRI includes a rather broadly comprehensive and condensed handbook explaining the history of the area that the student has signed up for (dance/electronic, urban, scratching). In a way, this pamphlet is informative, as it provides historical background; in other ways, it is a packaged commercialisation of an anterior culture, not to mention generally free information, and leads to all sorts of questions: why are people paying to learn about a foreign culture, and then master a skill from that culture? In the mix is an element of musical tourism along with curiosity, and it raises the question of how and what should be taught, and why. For underneath the cultural signifiers is the underlying question surrounding the very existence of the DJ school: why are people paying to learn a skill that has never been taught up to this point? The majority of today’s DJs are self-taught or learnt from a mentor. DJ Leanne recognises this and attributes the need for a DJ school to a breaking-down of the previous DJ culture that provided mentors. Although I can understand her answer, I find it hard to believe. Locally, organisations such as *Wicked Beats* and *Blackholes* have created organisations where DJs and musicians to meet each other and learn in a supportive environment. Personally, as a self-taught DJ, I know it is still possible to pick up decks and figure it all out. DJ culture is alive and well—obviously well enough to sell it. The question is, if you are going to pay to learn from a teacher, what are you learning and is it worth the money? *

This article has been excerpted from a longer treatise on turntablism called “Vinylmanism: The Art vs. the Craft of DJing and Turntablism,” available at www.abstrantrite.com. Part II comes next month!

RELAXING WITH RODNEY GRAHAM

Interview by Brady Cranfield

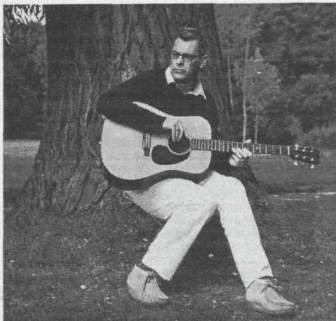


PHOTO: SHANNON OKSANEN

Disorder: Tell me about UJ3RK5.

Rodney Graham: UJ3RK5 started, I think, in about '77. It was David Wisdom, me, Jeff Wall, Ian Wallace, Frank Johnson. We were inspired by Devo—Devo and early Talking Heads, and others, I guess. The whole *rv* aesthetic, a little bit. The idea of artists', you know, music projects. These bands were kind of exemplary at the time, I think, for that; they were doing the most interesting things in terms of a little bit of crossover. We started practicing in the Simon Fraser University studios downtown where Jeff was teaching. We got to use that space and set up our equipment there. It was a bunch of different people, for a while, jamming; including Bill Gibson, the science fiction writer—he was part of an early incarnation of the band. The hardcore people just stuck with it and practiced and practiced. We had a few gigs. There's this great red-letter gig at the Helen Pitt Gallery—I would say it was one of the first gigs of its kind with the more experimental new wave bands. Bands like E—Gary Bourgeois' band—played that night. We were quite well received. Most of us had never performed before. I had played a little in high school bands, and things like that, and Ian Wallace had a little bit of musical experience, and Colin Griffiths had joined the band by then—he'd been in bands like *av* and in Wasted Lives with Phil Smith. Colin kind of became our arranger; he organized us a little bit because we were a motley group and inexperienced. But we were quite well received, so we were encouraged. We practiced a lot and played around town for a while, and then basically everyone went their own way. At that time, more than half of us were already much older than most of the people in the scene. We came from a different place than a lot of the punk bands, I guess. We were really out of an art school context. I mean, Ian was teaching at the art school and Jeff was teaching at *sr* at the time, so it was kind of like a slightly different project. At the same time, we were quite serious; we were serious in the sense that we practiced quite a lot—three or four times a week. And, um, I don't know.... As I said, the music was heavily

Who is Rodney Graham? He was an early new wave innovator during the heyday of Vancouver punk. He's currently a member of the new Mint Records supergroup, Volumizer, as well as a solo singer-songwriter. And he is an internationally recognized visual artist with work in many major galleries. But perhaps more than anything else Rodney Graham is immensely charming. He has a handsome and hurried, somewhat professorial style, his busy mind quickly producing too many ideas. And he is also hilarious and often gently dark, comfortably spoofing himself or making sly and sometimes bawdy remarks. Endlessly engaging, his conversation is like a brisk series of compelling asides, anecdotes, and facts, densely woven together, somehow eventually culminating in well-formed narrative arcs. And all this is in surprising contrast to the order and tidiness of so much of his completed work, which is marked by Rodney's strong sense of design and execution. Here, his intelligence and humor remain, but his often-anxious energy is mostly out of sight, replaced by a well-organized presentation, usually demonstrating his attachment to modernist style. The following interview was conducted in Rodney's apartment, tastefully jumbled with musical instruments, records and CDs, stereo equipment, books, some clean-lined furniture, and even some art—a suitable environment for its interesting occupant.

influenced by Devo, Devo more than anything, but also some minimal music we integrated elements of Phillip Glass, and stuff like that. I was kind of interested in that in my artwork at the time too—a musical component, in some way, even if it was an organized noise component.

Disorder: And you recorded the one thing for *Quintessence Records* in 1980.

Rodney Graham: Yeah. We recorded at Little Mountain. A little *er*. And then there were some live recordings that were made, but that was the only thing we did. And then we kind of broke up after that, the band just dissolved. Unfortunately, we had a lot of other good songs that we didn't record. But there's a recording made from the board when we opened up for the Gang of Four when they played at the Commodore—it was our most fun gig, I think. Grant McDonough has a copy of it. At least there's a document of some of our other songs.

Disorder: Did you tour?

Rodney Graham: No. We were going to try to organize a tour, a little mini tour down to California, or something. We played local venues only. But it was fun. And I learned a lot from it: like how to work in a band context and about arrangements. Sometimes we had as many as eight members, so the music was not really that improvised—it was very, very organized. We had a lot of non-musicians and people playing very simple parts. Colin was really involved in the arrangements—he was very good.

Disorder: And at the time you were already working to establish yourself as an artist?

Rodney Graham: I'd shown a little bit in town: I had a couple of exhibitions, or something, but I hadn't really had that much experience. Other members in the band, like Ian or Jeff, had established their careers somewhat, but I wasn't quite in that position. I actually devoted quite a lot of time to the band. That was really my main thing, for a certain period of time. It wasn't really until later that I got involved

in my art career—so-called. I dropped music for a couple of years—I sold my guitars because I was quite broke, so I really didn't do much in the way of music. And then I got involved again with Phil Smith, playing with his band *Corsage*—just as a sideman. That was in the early '80s. And then I didn't do too much after that. I did a couple of soundtracks for a friend's theatrical performance, and things like that. But I more or less dropped it. I got back into playing music around the time of the early '90s, back into playing guitar. Eventually, I started working with John Collins on an album project around '98. I gradually focused in on this singer-songwriter idea—a kind of persona. I've been getting more into performance in my work anyway—using myself as a subject in my work, or as an actor in my videos—so I was kind of interested in the singer-songwriter idea as a kind of authentic voice, of getting back to something. Even if it's slightly ironic, you can only be so ironic when you're actually facing an audience and singing directly. I wanted to have something kind of immediate. And I also like the clichéd idea of the troubadour. The idea that you're traveling light, with just your guitar, or something like that—bringing your practice down to a few elements, a few components, a few tools. The singer-songwriter thing appeals to me for that reason. Cat Power kind of particularly inspired me at a certain point. I saw her perform songs from her covers album at the Knitting Factory. It was quite intense. Just by herself, finger picking a *Danelectro* through a *Super Reverb*. I think she's a very good guitar player. I was impressed with her, and I wanted to pursue that—she was kind of a model for me at a certain point.

Disorder: The idea of the pared-down and traveling musician is interesting in contrast to your actual working technique when making music. It seems that, when thinking about the range of your possible influences, there are equal parts of, say, the ideology of the troubadour in contrast to the actual mechanics of constructing the appearance of the simple troubadour. I think that a lot of that is in your recordings, and also in some of the other music you

listen to as well, such as the more elaborate and orchestrated pop. **Rodney Graham:** It's partly because I'm pursuing this singer-songwriter idea. In a way, this is the ideal: to work the songs up on guitar and go into the studio, and then lay them down like Dylan, or something. The fact of the matter is it's a more practical way for me to do it. And also, I've been gratifying towards that because my music really is kind of a hobby. I've always had a problem with my hobbies; they become too absorbing and they take over. The idea was to keep it like that; they could just be songs that I know that are already kind of internalized and that could just produce them in a studio situation. But it's true that it runs counter to the way that I created the first album. That was a way of feeling my way through the songwriting process, you know. Now I tend to pursue the idea of writing the songs, having them more or less complete, and performing them in the studio. I tend to end up tweaking them later. That's what I'm doing now: going back. So it's kind of a contradictory process, I guess.

Discorder: Is there a parallel between this creative process and the way you might approach some of your "proper" artwork. Especially since you're drawing yourself into a huge production apparatus—like, for example, the video you made for the song *Rambling Man*.

Rodney Graham: Right, that's true. And that's what music videos are, I guess. In my recent video I use myself as a performer. I keep a certain level of spontaneity. I don't really rehearse and I'm not an actor, so I know I have to trust a group of people to make me "look good" or come across. And I kind of like that system for producing work because I don't have any real art school training. I studied art history, and I took a few studio courses at USC, but I didn't really follow through. So my technical basis for my work is not very strong. I really leaned at the opportunity to work in a conceptual way, where you think something through and then have an amateur that takes care of the realization of the work—basically working with other skilled people, which is what one does when making a music video or a film or a record. And I really like working with other people. And I really like putting myself in the position of relinquishing control. It's like an experiment to see how much of yourself comes through despite the fact that you're surrounded by a lot of other people. When I make my videos, for example, I don't take over the directorial position, it's more like I kind of see myself as an actor/executive producer—Tom Cruise is my hero [laughter]. There are plenty of people that can direct films better than I can. Other artists are much better at directing, for example, like Stan Douglas or Jeff Wall. Partly to create an area for myself—that is maybe unique to myself—I kind of gravitated to the performance side, placing myself in the elaborate structure. And, I guess, with the music I kind of tend to do that, too. I start with this kernel of authenticity, this song that you feel good about, and then you go and record it, and kind of let people take over, let it take it's own direction. I don't have an overarching vision of what I want. That's why I like working with John Collins and Dave Carswell—they have lots of good ideas. I like the collaborative aspect of it, while still maintaining some sense of personal vision, you know.

Discorder: Because you describe music as a hobby, do you feel that it's closer to you?

Rodney Graham: Well, yeah, it's very close to me. But I've always had this interest in the ideas of hobbies. I've always identified with Freud in this respect because Freud had this problem. I did some research on Freud for part of my work a few years ago. During the period he was making most of his important discoveries, he was being criticized at the time for spending too much time on his hobbies—he had all these other interests. But these interests informed the transformation of his ideas. This was the case with Freud's ideas, this criticism of being too absorbed. But what are one's hobbies? It's something you do when you're supposed to do something else? In terms of making art, you have to draw those things in anyway, so they cease to be hobbies and become part of your work. On the other hand, a hobby is something that you really might want to or should keep separate. I always have a problem with that, let's put it that way. I'm partly doing this music in an art context—I'm distributing it in an art context—and people sometimes do know how to take it in an art context. And, also, sometimes I feel that that's not really the context best qualified to judge it because I see it as just music. But I like the idea that the lyrics of the songs or even the melodies could reflect on my other work in some way, and create a weird, sometimes underlining aspect, or to infect it in some way, you know, so that someone who deals with my work might also have to deal with a song lyric—like the idea that maybe there has to be some relationship.

Discorder: Or with the composition of the record as a whole, as a finished work.

Rodney Graham: Yeah. I don't know. But I'm a little bit conflicted about it, because I have a hard time keeping those things separate, and this is the criticism that Freud sustained—not that I'm comparing myself to him [laughs], it's just that I had made a study, and I noticed that we had the same problem. And people generally just

do, I think.

Discorder: Because a hobby is supposed to be a leisure time activity.

Rodney Graham: And you're supposed to only spend so much time on leisure time activities—you're supposed to be doing your work. And I've had that problem with the music where I get more absorbed in the music and I'm not able to, um, produce. My idea at one point was to come up with a music video concept that would bridge the difference. The *Rambling Man* video was an attempt to make a music video, one that questioned the whole aesthetic of music videos. But that's hard to do because I don't know if I have anything really new to add to that form. There are a lot of more creative things, obviously, being done by other people already.

Discorder: But in terms of drawing yourself out as a subject for your work, then developing your hobby into an important part of the music for your art persona, then it becomes a point in a larger pattern of work.

Rodney Graham: I like the idea of not getting stuck into one version of one's self.

Discorder: When you first did the *Bed-Bug* album, was that intended for an art context?

Rodney Graham: The original idea was that I wanted to make one song and I was going to make a music video for it. I wanted to start with the song first and the video later, you know, using the sequence that one would use if one was a music producer. Obviously, the song comes first—I like the idea of that. Then I got involved in the process, making more and more songs, and I started thinking in terms of an album. I had the opportunity to put it out in a catalog in Vienna; the original version was an insert in this catalog. I exhibited—so-called—the CD in a kind of listening lounge situation I created in the museum space where I was exhibiting in Vienna. It's an enormous, cavernous space, so I needed to fill it. I made this large area with four headphone consoles on a carpeted area with beanbag furniture—you could lounge around and listen to the album. So it was a bit of an installation, as well. I exhibited the album a few times like that, in the context of an exhibition of other works.

Discorder: How was it received in those contexts?

Rodney Graham: I think it was well received. I think people seemed to like it. But I don't know if I was creating anything really new. The idea has been done before: Charles Long and Stereolab did something. I wasn't doing anything original. I was just trying to present the music in a context where it was a little bit of an oasis in the middle of the gallery situation. It wasn't so much of a sculptural experience, like the Charles Long piece would be, for example.

Discorder: Was the music approached, as you said, as pop music, or was it more in terms of the type of interpretation that gets brought to art?

Rodney Graham: I think they approached it as pop music because it was so transparently like that—the music itself, the sound of it. It's not really experimental; it's three-minute pop songs. I really wanted to be like that, and I think it was approached like that. But I don't know if that way of disseminating music—through an art context—is really very satisfying in the end. Even though the *Bed-Bug* album was distributed by DIA, in New York—which is a museum with reasonably good distribution, for a museum, but still not as good as the smallest independent label would have—it's not really a very practical way of getting it out.

Discorder: Getting it out as pop music?

Rodney Graham: Yeah. I kind of want to do that. So I'm going to try, the next time I do a project, to get it distributed. Just so you know it gets out to places. People ask me for it. It did well when I was in Germany. It got into some local places. And I sold a few copies in Munich—I couldn't believe it [laughs].

Discorder: I think that, when it comes to your work—it's so thoughtful, and so methodical, and so obviously informed by an elaborate tradition of cultivating the "perfect" pop song—that at most, I would say, begs to be thought about a little bit—much more than just listened to. But it seems that there's a lot of ambivalence around pop music, where there's resistance to taking it in those terms. Although, at the same time, there's this desire, it seems, in the "proper" art context, to capitalize on some of the energy of pop culture. Do you find that this has any effect on either the way you make your work, or on the way it's being received or not received?

Rodney Graham: You mean in an art context?

Discorder: Well, both in and out of that context. There's a hesitation to engage with pop production, let's say, in the same way that someone might, you know, still take on a painting. But also, at the same time, within contemporary art making, there is increasingly an attitude that is more pop minded—of trying to have something of the overall atmosphere of having a pop culture phenomena. And this seems to be, increasingly, an important part of art production, for many younger artists especially. I wonder how your records and music making exists in there. To a certain extent, it seems that the music is starting to ease out of your work, out of the art context. **Rodney Graham:** I've always loved pop music, and there's always this idea of incorporating some of the excitement and culture of

popular music into one's work. And also the audience, the fact that there's a broader audience—the art audience is kind of limited. But, yeah, I feel like I'm kind of moving out of it because I don't want to play music for an art audience. I really, in fact, have an almost dislike for a lot of the stuff that addresses art issues, where it's a kind of in-joke or an ironic commentary. If you examine popular music itself you know that all that stuff has already been done—you don't need an artist to tell you, you know what I mean. A lot of that stuff betrays an ignorance of the thing that they're actually producing. But there're people who take it really quite seriously in their work, like Steven Prina is a good example: he's totally serious when he's doing it [laughter]. I respect that. And Mike Kelley, too.

Discorder: But it seems that even with their work, there's always this difference. It's like here's this artist and here's their range of work—plus they make pop records! It's evaluating the range of creative work differently. At some point it seems like the art domain is still unwilling to—or maybe unable to—get into pop music in a serious way. Not that it needs to be, either. But it also seems like, increasingly, there is an attempt to reintroduce, often from the inside out, some pop spirit. Maybe it's, say, ongoing co-option, or maybe it's the changing taste of the market. I don't know.

Rodney Graham: I think it's more like communicating in different registers—I mean, this is a kind of naïve or fake-naïve way of putting it, I guess—of using all the different ways one has to communicate, in different registers or different modes, you know. To me, the music mode has always been one that is so important. For a while, I was put back into the position of being a listener—which is a good thing, too. Partly for financial reasons: I just couldn't afford to have the equipment, at one point. When I decided to pursue the art career, I kind of made a vow of poverty [laughs]—the music kind of went out. So I was always a listener, frustrated that I couldn't incorporate music in some way. And I guess—although I'm hardly a pioneer in this—when it was more in the air, I felt like I could enter into this. Then I just decided, at a certain point, to be the music straight out, and just do it in an art context—because that's what I do, you know.

Discorder: And it's convenient.

Rodney Graham: I had a real naïve audience, in a sense. But they weren't necessarily the most sympathetic.

Discorder: Maybe that's the audience that might be least capable of having the willingness to engage with pop music like art—or vice versa.

Rodney Graham: Well, in the art audience—so-called—there are a lot of people who know a lot about music. And it's the same that a lot of people in music know a lot about art. But they are kind of separate, I guess.

Discorder: But even with the early music works that you've done, they've been more of the "art music" type. Like your Wagner piece [Verwandlungsmusik], which is clearly going to assimilate better or more conventionally into the "high art" domain. But, I mean, I believe that most people who are gallery operators or artists are quite fluent in pop culture—because it's what they also do. While it's an old idea, the enduring compartmentalizing is interesting. **Rodney Graham:** Yeah, right, yeah... There are a lot of shows now about pop music. I've been in quite a few recently; group shows mostly, some better than others, dealing with popular music. I guess it's definitely a bit of a thing right now. But I'm just trying to do it kind of straight. The last thing I want to do is to do songs about the art world, or something [laughter]. I have absolutely no interest in that.

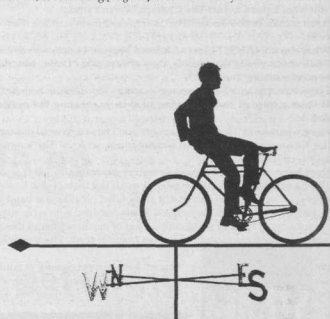


ILLUSTRATION:
DEREK ROOT



by Black Diamond

Following up on their recent collaboration with Trans Am, The Fucking Champs are back behind the Otaris, completing their upcoming and second Drag City full-length. I chatted with Tim Green, Champs guitarist and sole member of ambient project Concentrick, over a grueling two-week email session. Tim was intelligent, conscientious, and extremely honest. With these attributes, it makes you wonder if the lads had spent anytime whatsoever banging head and playing street-hockey. Contrary to popular belief, though, the Fucking Champs, while interested in heavy music and guitar composition, would rather listen to Camel, Ennio Morricone, and *The Fog* soundtrack. They prefer Jeff Lynne (of ELO fame), to "any of this NU-Metal" crap. They take their craft seriously, aspiring to perfect their music's sound quality and post-production techniques. The Champs are audiophiles of the most pretentious variety. And while The Fucking Champs appear to relish the return of loud music to the mainstream and the underground, make no mistake, Randy, they are not a metal band. They aren't even an indie, electronic-rock band. These guys are fucking composers.

The Fucking Champs

How old are you guys?

Tim Green: Well, we all recently became adults, and one of us is a year older than the others.

Do you feel like what you are doing now could have been done earlier in your musical careers, or has it taken the experience in music production and previous bands to filter down into what you have become now?

I certainly couldn't see us doing this band when we were in seventh grade, but the band has been together for nine years now, so...

How is studio life treating' you all?

The record's coming along. We're stopping on Friday so the Double U and the Cherry Valance can do some records in here. Then we have February to finish—mix and master. We're hoping to have it out by the end of May.

Will there be any current event-type stuff on the next album?

Desert mythology, US foreign policy, CNN video stills?

The only current we'll be discussing is how much is being drawn by our amps from the wall.

More time signature-per-song increase this time around?

There is more 6/8 on this record for some reason.

Any hints as to what the new album will be titled? What is the theme this time around (other than 6/8 domination)?

It may be called *Total Music*, or possibly *Physical Graffiti*. The theme will be better-sounding drums.

Wouldn't you face legalities of Bonzo-proportions with that title?

Physical Graffiti? Why not? You can't actually copyright album names. We could call it *Like a Virgin* if we wanted to!

Why not call it *The Majesty of Rock*?

Sounds like a great idea...

What is the story of The Fucking Champs name change?

You were known as just The Champs, weren't you?

It just sounds better. Besides The Champs just wasn't cutting it anymore.

What about C4AM95? I just wondered because I know whenever

I talk about you to my friends, they always ask, "Dude, why do you keep saying 'fucking'?"

I prefer people to call us "fucking"—unless it's "fucking asshole."

Is there a trace of condescension or spite in creating the music you do?

None whatsoever. That's not to say we don't have a sense of humor, but we are very serious about writing music we love. The tongue isn't even in the mouth.

Does heavy metal need a good dose of re-inventing?

There's still some good underground metal out there. I don't consider this "nu metal," to be metal at all, nor do I consider our band a metal band at all. There are so many idiots out there who write that we are a metal band or we're making fun of metal; neither of these morose assumptions could be further from the truth. These people need to be beaten with a 1CM800.

What about the guy yelling "Slayer" between every song at your Seattle show? He was annoying, but was he wrong to yell this?

Well, he was wrong in that it wasn't a Slayer show...so there was no chance that Slayer was gonna come on after us.

It's probably due to the lack of electronics on-stage. People's actions are probably uninformed responses to your guitars-only set. While you are a synth and guitar band in your collective minds, some jerk yelling "Slayer" only hears the chug-chug and

Hagstroms—a blazin' side of you...

I think even if we never touched a synth, it would be the same case.

We write such dippy, happy parts that just aren't metal-sounding at all. Also, metal bands would never use Kay and Hagstrom guitars.

When I saw you guys play live last time I was curious to see what sort of clientele would show up—synth-collectors, Slayer shirts,

and/or indie nerds. Is this still fun for you guys—to watch the fan support from three different camps collide on the dance floor?

No, but then it never was. It's still fun to play shows though.

I know whenever I play the Champs for "educated" rockers, they like it, but I seem to get a negative or confused response from younger rockers. Would you say that the Champs aspire to re-create music from a genre that falls into a Date/Time Category, rather than just a Heavy Metal category?

Ah, yes: the impulsiveness and rage of youth. They may come to understand, in time, that there is no big mystery here—we just play music that we like—and we don't worry about genres and styles.

We re-create nothing. As far as I've heard there has been no band that sounds like us. This is not a pompous statement, but merely an observation. I honestly think the only reason people think we play heavy metal is because we use Marshall stacks. Anyone who doesn't know the first thing about metal will immediately assume that's what something is if it's loud and sometimes "chuggy."

Do you ever blame your exclusion from Korn-like, guitar band pandemonium (i.e., *Guitar Player* magazine interviews, etc.), on the "F" word in your band's name?

The main problem there is our lack of mediocrity. I suppose if we wrote dumber songs we might get some good coverage, but 'til then, the *Discorder*'s just fine with us.

Who in the band is the big-time gear collector?

We are all afflicted, although Josh is the most obsessive. I really only spend money on studio equipment. We borrow things from time to time—like a Fender Princeton or a Mtron Flanger. We all own Korg Poly 61s. I have three other synths as well.

When will the Fucking Champs touch down on Canadian soil?

We are thinking about going through Eastern Canada this summer and possibly a Vancouver show if they'll let us back in a second time. I think the band we're touring with is banned from Canada so that might pose a problem. If the appropriate paperwork can be acquired then unnecessary bloodshed can be avoided.

Any Canadian links to The Fucking Champs? Favorite Rock Groups, and/or Singers?

No, but Tim S (other guitarist) and I are big SCTV fans. I really liked the Last Superconducter album, too.

What is playing in your personal CD player lately?

Morricone, John Carpenter's *Escape from New York* and *The Fog* soundtracks, the new Rye Coalition record—that's not out yet—and

These Mighty Flashlight—which is coming out this month, I think.

Does the music you play at "home" directly influence you when you record/practice?

Yeah, Josh (drummer) just got a Camel anthology, so I know that's gonna work it's way in somehow.

Tim, I know you have produced numerous bands in the last few years, including your own side project Concentrick. Has this been a positive influence on your composition, and applied technique as far as Champs interests are concerned?

I've been recording other people's bands for 11 years and I've

learned a lot about a lot of things including, obviously, recording techniques, various approaches to song structures and string arrangement—which is always broadening my palette of harmony.

I bought a tour shirt that had a pic of a flute player with glasses and long hair. Who was that man?

That fanciful flautist's name is Von Hartman.

Multiple choice time.

Pick the best one:

a) Atari2600

b) Commodore64

c) Intellivision

d) ADAM

Atari 2600

a) Factory Kuwahara

b) Diamondback

c) PK-RIPPER

d) Apollo Kuwahara

Diamondback

a) Bush

b) W. Bush

c) Laura Bush

d) Big Bush!

Laura Bush—she knows how to party!

a) Close Encounters of the Third Kind

b) ET

c) Logan's Run

d) David Bowie

Logan's run featuring Ziggy Stardust

Which brand could you not live without?

a) Crumar

b) Boss

c) DiMarzio

I could probably live without all of those, but I do like Crumar—especially "The Performer."

Which car is the most desirable?

a) Chrysler LeBaron

b) Pontiac Fiero

c) Chrysler Dynasty

d) AMC Eagle

Chrysler LeBaron! When we were taking pictures for the last album we stopped at a store and I saw this new Mercedes sports car that was called a Kompressor. It looked so cool that I took a close-up picture. I wanted to name the next Concentrick record *Kompressor* and use that pic, but it vanished. •

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Complete
Mr. Plow
TIM
Chris of Stand GT

march 25 (black easter):

The Melic
The Black List
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over my shoulder

book reviews by Doretta

In honour of International Women's Day, I thought I'd focus on women writers. My first inclination would have been to search out new writers, specifically Canadian women in the "literary" realm. Instead, I decided to focus on other genres because the genre is sometimes as telling as the content. It has long been tradition in English language texts to laud certain forms of female expression: letters, journals, and more recently, advice, sex, and social columns. For every Naomi Klein, who is respected for her brilliance in recording the global picture, there are hundreds of Candace Bushnells, Leah McLarens, and Angèle Yanors diligently penning their version of female experience in the urban world. Assigning differentiated values to these journalists is, at the core, a patriarchal exercise. Though I understand that Klein's exposé on the affect corporate branding has on the world in cultural and economic terms has more global resonance than McLaren's musings on her new fake 'n' bake book, I am unwilling to fall into the trap of critiquing their journal-

istic merit without referencing the context of their work. In the big, bad world of media, the edict from up top is that women make better social columnists and arts writers, rather than investigative journalists. I'm tired of the general intellectual dismissal of "women's magazines" and the ghettoization of socially accepted forms of female expression. The equation of the sphere of publications aimed at women (and mostly stalled with women) with journalistic inferiority starts to sound like the scholastic insult "you throw like a girl." This gendering of value gives rise to our culturally ingrained idea that somehow books by women are somehow of lesser quality. It is this climate that forces Joanne Rowling to veil herself with the genderless writing name JK, and make her protagonist Harry Potter rather than Harriet Potter.

Before the rise of the Brontës (who originally wrote under male pseudonyms) and Jane Austen, women were only allowed to write letters and diaries. Their words were private, rather than public. The

success of *Bridget Jones's Diary* is in part due to the book's salute to the tradition of privately recorded woes dished up as entertainment (think epistolary novels such as *Pamela* or even the collected letters of Simone de Beauvoir to Jean Paul Sartre). Today, female social columnists sometimes get panned for their confessional and sensational writing styles, but critics are failing to see that they are just following tradition, but with a twist: what was once private is now public. Women, long branded as private figures, are venturing out into the world armed with the writing genres that once confined them to the annals of family history or the realm of the forgotten. Social columns are not merely confessions; columnists are thrusting private matters into the spotlight in order to stake territory in the public world.

So this month, after a bout of self-punishment and severe procrastination (I went to see the Britney Spears vehicle *Crossroads* and was probably the oldest person in the audience, save for a 40-year-old man who attended the screening alone.

Incidentally, there is a stunning scene where Britney, who has been writing in a little book for the duration of the film, reveals to her male interest that she has been writing poetry. She even reads her poem to him and he digs how deep she is. I'm pretending that one of the secret themes of the movie is that writer-nerd girls are just so lovely. Anyway, I haven't laughed so hard in a movie for some time. *Crossroads* is comedy of the year

power resonates in children's fiction, but continues into the teen years for girls. Films such as *The Craft* and shows such as *Sabrina the Teenage Witch* and *Buffly the Vampire Slayer* play on the fantasy of having power, and consequently won't in the greater social structure. Female heroes in such traditions are usually other: they are, more often than not, new to their school and therefore unpopular. The magical protagonist is also

Each spell is accompanied by succinct instructions and Beattie is careful to contextualize all spells with history and pointers on self-worth. The book is colourful, uplifting, and clear. The focus of the book is on ideas of honour, compassion, as well as on personal safety and self-love.

Deborah Gray's *NICE GIRLS' BOOK OF NAUGHTY SPELLS* is just that: a book of spells. Gray actually uses the word "witch" in reference to her reader. This book has an answer for every Cosmo problem: "Enchanted Wedding," "Shy Guy," and "Cheapskate Charm" are just a few spells to get a girl through her day. My editor referred to the books as "out of hand." I now possess instructions to bind a guy to me and make him mine, but I did notice that, unlike Beattie's all-encompassing approach to spellcraft, Gray assumes her reader is heterosexual and her book reads more like a teen girl magazine than self-help manual.

Now I probably won't be drawing pictures of my intended lover with sesame oil anytime soon (that's what the "Shy Guy" spell calls for), but it's good to know I always have a covert option to getting the guy in place for an "Enchanted Wedding." But hey, whatever happened to being direct and straightforward, confessional even? *

When we feel ugly, stupid, or socially undesirable, this most often means that our energy is disconnected from the earth. If you feel like this, try to do this exercise, even if you are not planning to do any spells. It is important to stay connected with the earth to help get feelings of depression and unhappiness.

-Girls' Handbook of Spells

thus far) I've decided to write about spellbooks for girls.

ANTONIA BEATTIE
The Girls' Handbook of Spells

(Raincoat)
DEBORAH GRAY
Nice Girl's Book of Naughty Spells

(Journey Editions)
There are a number of books for girls involving magic. I think this has to do with young girls needing to claim some kind of power in a world where they find themselves mostly powerless. This trope of magical

usually attracts yet due to circumstance, no one sees this, except for a worthy best friend or crush. The underlying message in this genre is that as girls we have worth, but other people don't always see it. It is a fantasy that keeps most girls going through the toughest years.

Antonia Beattie's *THE GIRLS' HANDBOOK OF SPELLS* is as much an instruction book for being "good" as it is a tool of female empowerment. Beattie outlines what spells are and relays important ground rules of non-harming

SKING AND SCIENCE TOGETHER AT LAST!

Hydrogen Bonding in Aerial Ski Jumps of Olympic Calibre

By Cyrus J Boelman

Freestyle skiing is cool. Perhaps not as MTV "cool" as Snowboarding, but at least ESPN2 "kuhl." And "kuhl" would attract "chouette" sponsors like Canada Post and Johns-Manville. Johns-Manville? Yes, it took this reporting team two days of questioning to find out that this was an insulation company (like Fiberglass Pink).

Canadian freestyle star Jean-Luc Brassard recorded a rap on the exciting life of a freestyle skier. As heartfelt as the fund-raiser tune was, it falls short of hip hop genius. To quote a few verses:

Right about now
I'm about to jump
Into another style of freestyle

Hear me out
Take Control
Half in, half out
This ain't no rock 'n' roll
Triple back layout
That's what I'm talking about
Freestyle, freestyle skiing
You know what I mean

Me and my crew
Are the leaders of the pack
As a matter of fact
Air force rules

Teammate and Blackback's World Cup Freestyle Aerials bronze medal winner Jeff Bean called the song "Cheesy." He's just jealous.

Hip hop and free lunches aside, the FIS World Cup Freestyle competition is a great feat in "snow architecture." The intricacies behind building a jump are what I believe have attracted the science and engineering students back to skiing on Whistler, combined with the great deal on season's passes that Whistler offered students at UBC.

A week before the competition, the aerials site was already built. The jump had to survive not only the week up until competition but also beyond, as many of the Olympic teams were using Whistler as a pre-Salt Lake City training camp.

In comes the Chief of Course Brett Wood, the master of jump building at Whistler and coach of the Blackcomb Freestyle Team. He has an awesome nephew, who is three years older I think. They build a site according to the International Ski Federation (FIS, in French) specifications.

After building the in run, table and landing, next come the kickers (the jumps). Step one: "Woody" and his team of volunteers build a plywood form that looks like a big refrigerator box. The shape is the basic shape of the jump. The form is passed on from competition to competition. This hand-me-down apparatus allows the jumps to be consistent throughout the World Cup season for the competitors. The basic shape's precise for each of the six kickers that are to be built:

Preliminary Kicker Dimensions
Dimensions préliminaires du tremplin

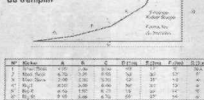


Diagram of a ski jump landing area showing dimensions and a table of data.

Labels in the diagram:

- 1. Kicker
- 2. Start
- 3. In-run
- 4. Landing
- 5. Finish
- 6. Safety net
- 7. Runway
- 8. Landing area
- 9. Safety net
- 10. Runway
- 11. Landing area
- 12. Safety net
- 13. Runway
- 14. Landing area
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Once the form is up, they aim a high-powered snowblower into the box. And press <PLAY>. The snow is then blown into the form and, as it goes through the fan, the snow gets purified into a fine particulate powder. It is possible for a human to go through the blower just as easily, but the human will come out on the other side looking like a red-tinted morning mist.

Jeff Bean and his fellow competitors get the final say in deciding how they want the jump curve to look. They spray paint a desired

red curve on the side of the jump and then shave the slope away to match the red line.

How does all this snow (and possibly misty human remains) stick together? Use the force. Water molecules stick to each other by way of hydrogen bonding. Hydrogen bonds are the electrical attractions between a positively charged hydrogen atom (which readily gives up its electron) and a negatively charged oxygen atom (which attracts these electrons) in a neighboring molecule. The small size of the snow particle after going through the blower allows it to contact other particles better, increasing the hydrogen bonding. The general evolution of a snowflake is seen in the following micrographs:



When nature allows the sintering of the snow grains the kicker is solid and ready for use. After flying off the kickers, the landing hill becomes critical to the competitors as they start falling to the ground from a height of 12 metres. With 9.8 m/sec² acceleration for more than 2 seconds, the competitors have a final descending vertical velocity of around 20 m/sec. To accommodate the force of the landing, the slope is "chopped" to a depth of 80cm to create a bed of feathers to land on. As the picture shows, it is not always that comfy. Umpt!

The Blackcomb landing was 7 metres shorter than specified in the above schematic. At the end of the day no one broke a bone. •

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under review

HAIR

recorded media

AVEO

Red Tide/Rainco
What the hell? The Smiths reformed and moved to the Pacific Northwest, and nobody told me?! But really, the shimmering, staggered guitar lines and harmonized male/male vocals remind me of such great, but varied, Britpop moments as *Mat is Murder* and, still later, *Chrome-era Catherine Wheel*. Funny, because when I saw Aveo open for The Dears back in November, they came across live as a more aggressive version of some low-key American alternapop band, like Luna or Yo La Tengo. Go figure. Either way, Aveo appeals to me, equally live and recorded—but I do wish they might spend some time of the tender moments found on this, the Oregon trio's debut, when up on stage. But the stage show is not up for review here, just the recording—and, for a first effort, this is extremely solid.

Mike Chilton

BJÖRK [Book Review]

Björk
(Raincoast Books)
It is rare that I read a book about a pop star, even a very creative and avant garde pop star. The last book I read that discussed anyone remotely pop culture-oriented was the massive tome *The Lives of John Lennon*. After finishing the 12,000 pages I figured that was about enough for me, for it seems the great majority of (auto)biographies of public figures—especially pop stars—are crap.

Jump-cut to two months ago. I was going about my usual routine of coffee and book shopping when two amazing things happened. First, a good friend came across a copy of Björk's art-book collaboration with his grandfather, who is a performance artist and founder of Fluxus. Then I came across this silky, cloth-bound volume on Björk, with a title page full of very odd cursive writing describing a very fucked up dinner date and a massive headshot of Björk on the back cover in preparation for her "Hidden Place" video, which is on the latest album, *Vespertine*. Curious, I flipped it open, minding the crazy coloured patterns on the inside sleeve and the line drawings on the actual cover of the book itself.

Inside, I found no glorifying biography, no painstaking and utterly boring detailed account of every moment of Björk's Icelandic life, no squealing press agent fodder. I did find page after page of photographs—but

not of the usual type. A slew of world-class photographers—including Japan's controversial Araki and the Netherlands' infamous rockstar portrait-grabber Anton Corbijn—grace the full colour and black-and-white pages with beautiful and artistic interpretations of the musician: her form, her figure, her passion, her image, her self. Björk under water, Björk in the hotspings, Björk digitized with weird line-drawings (by Inez van Lamsweerde and Vinoodh Matadin, with direction from the book's designers, M/M), the same people who did her cover art for the DVD *vid collection Volument*.

As I sunk deeper into my triple-espresso-funk, fragments of text caught my now pulsating eyes: Björk interviewing nature narrator and BBC legend Sir David Attenborough; a short essay on Björk and the cyborg by *Eye* magazine founder Rick Poyner (academic eye-ick: citation of Donna Haraway's "Cyborg Manifesto"); poetry—and a short story excerpt from Icelandic author Sjon. And the weirdest section of all: several pages given over to people surrounding Björk that contribute to constructing her public image. Surreal dreamscapes, photos of Michael Jackson and people we don't know, Björk child look-alikes, a rotted-out carcass of a penis.... No real explanation given for any of this—and I've got the press release.

That's what I love about it. Much like the Beck book, it's not so much about Björk as it is about the representation of Björk and the people surrounding that representation: the artists who have contributed to her life, be they more easily recognized—such as shots from Lars von Trier's *Dancer in the Dark* or Chris Cunningham's "All Is Full Of Love" video—or the obscure, such as Wong Choi, a lone Björk fan whose checklist of Björk trivia is a bit... obsessive. Björk by Björk works well on two fronts: as a book aimed at Björk fans, and as a collection of photographs, art, design, and text surrounding the curious Icelandic enigma that is "Björk".

Joshua V

BOTTLENECK

Bottleneck
(Hard Rain)

Vancouver's all-country torch has yet another set of very capable hands to be passed into, as *Bottleneck's* self-titled debut assures us. Conjure up the spirits of Patsy Cline and Hank Williams, Sr, add a contemporary flare, both musically and lyrically, and get ready to be teeterjerked. At least as impres-

sive a debut as that of contrapoints Radiogram (who snagged so much attention for their most recent release as to become a minor mainstream success), that Bottleneck deserves all accolades heaped upon them—if those whose job it is to heap them are wise enough to pick up on this dark horse. Even if Bottleneck's affiliation to Bughouse Five is not as impressive as the aforementioned locals' multi-band lineage, it should not be sufficient reason to forego such an impressive first step to what could, say should, be greater things. That, and co-lead Robyn Carrigan's beautiful voice makes me melt.

Spike

JIM CHRISTY

A Night in Grouhalia
(Transiberian/Scratch)

I have to admit I'd only peripherally heard of the local writer Jim Christy's eclectic body of writing work—a couple of freakish noir novels set in turn-of-the-century Vancouver, a book of travel writings, bits on Bukowski and Kerouac, a novel about his days growing up in Philly, a boxing manual and his myriad of poetry collections—the latter being the inspiration for this equally eclectic spoken-word recording debut.

Jed is, only a writer with a life experience as seemingly vast as Christy's could crank out this musical tome of doomed luses, lonely divorcees, young punks, the conveniently born again, jittered lovers, scared youth, silted voices, pensive thinkers and other varied victims of life contained in these dozen odds to lost souls related in oral verse.

The accompanying music, supplied by an assortment of unknown locals—presumably Christy's friends—is as eclectic and quirky, yet sensible, as the writer's poems. Everything from a little bit of country, to a little bit of jazz, to a little bit of pop helps musically flesh out the narrative in its multiple tangents.

Finally, Christy's raspy, deep voice helps plant his spoken word in reality—much like a drunk telling a bartender his life story, or a patient unloading it all on his therapist. His chafed, hypnotic, almost soothing voice helps to draw the listener into Christy's world and forget that the written content can sometimes be over-the-top.

Quite possibly one of the best spoken-word-set-to-music creations I've ever laid my ears upon, it has, on first listen, made me want to find out more and more about Christy and his written work, which I guess is

part of the point.

Spike

DEADLINES

Fashion for Function
(Book of the Week)

"Anyone heard of the Deadlines?" I asked the CTR staffers who happened to be within earshot. "Oh yeah!" offered the wise, witty and ever-so-knowledgeable Program Director Bryce Dunn. "They used to be a Christian garage band, but now I guess that they've gone and done a T-Rex/Glam sort of thing."

Maybe I was expecting too much from this Portland, Oregon foursome. Maybe I let my anti-Christian bias interfere with my doing a truly objective review. Either way, the Deadlines just don't quite pull it off. Since Robert Johnson sold his soul to the Devil at the crossroads in the '20s, rock and roll and Christianity have gone together like oil and water, chalk and cheese. The Deadlines are no exception. I just have a hard time reconciling rock and roll excess and glam-rock hedonism with a wholesome Christian lifestyle.

It's not that the lyrics are obviously x-ian, at least not at first glance. Without Mr. Dunn's comment, I may not have figured it out. It's not until one reads the thank-yous in the liner notes that one begins to notice this band's dedication to a certain long-haired Jewish fellow. However, I think that all

that this knowledge does is gives me a potential reason as to why this band is a bit lame. They're not horrible, they just don't seem to show the true conviction that other rock and roll bands (of which there are too many to note) do. In their more effective moments, the Deadlines sound a bit like a cleaned-up and disinfected New York Dolls, with dashes of "Personality Crisis"-type honky tonk piano. Those effective moments are rare, though.

Ultimately, what does the Deadlines is that in this day and age there seem to be a lot of bands embracing roots-style, back-to-basics rock and roll. That makes for a lot of competitors vying for the music listener's attention. These guys just don't have the viscera, if you will, to attract this listener. Now, perhaps if they enlisted some help from the Forces of Darkness and made a Zeppelin-style pact with the Devil, that might change, but for now I'll pass.

Michael Staniszkis

ELDERS OF ZION

Dance Refuses to Rise
(Incidental Music)

Miners' strikes, ICBMs, trickle-down economics, crack cocaine, guerrilla wars against indigenous peoples in Mesoamerica, glass ceilings, Star Wars, and the shrink-waring of social services in favour of massive military spending. Yeah, the '80s were awesome.

Elders of Zion are meeting

the challenges of 1984 Redux by constructing a nifty simulacrum of Test Dept., Muslimgauze, and Adrian Sherwood, topped up with samples of WTO protestors chanting. They also get strangely nostalgic about the FLQ and have songs titles like "Disco Communiste." You know, it's great and timely that political radicalism has found its way back into the art/music community, but I can't help but feel depressed when I hear Maoist dogma recited over dub beats. Somehow, the Cold War seemed so much cooler when it was all in the past.

Sans Souci

FELIX DA HOUSECAT
Kittenz and The Glitz
(Emperor Norton)

Fluff. You can be indifferent to it, as to the kind you find in your navel. The superfluous is used to create the world/fiction things lacking in content. In these supposedly hard times with new wars, we have never seen our species more glutinous for the depth-free. We crave the unnecessary. However much you've denied your appreciation of fluffy disc, we've all danced to it or its derivatives. We know who we are. Whether Felix Stallings, Jr.'s record achieves

turn the page for more under review!

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being purposefully fluffy and cheesy is of little importance. *Kittens and the Glitz* is a dance album, nothing more, nothing less. Surrounding himself with some makers like Pete Tong and Junior Vasquez and remixing countless big names is proof of this Chicagoan's pedigree. Retro synth chic à la Ladytron and professors. The Human Levee is in full effect, the beautifully imane lyrics, "Sex, Drugs and Rock and Roll, it's over, I say it's over," by fellow DJ Ms. Kittin on the track "Madame Hollywood," is telling of the album's focus on glitz sans depth. Sometimes fluff is more important than meaning, however. Sounding often like Daft Punk, Felix's multiple incarnations are proof of a man on his game and making bills for 10 years. He has moved through as many styles as he's had monikers (7 in total, but who's counting). Dare to embrace your love of sparklers on the cake, shameful disco dance moves, and all things fluffy.

ROBERT MOVES
The Bloody Hand
(Global Symphonix)
Frog Eyes is the band of Victoria music legend Carey Mercer. The record has beautiful cover art but on the inside was nothing I could have prepared myself for. Mercer's vocals are really scary! The whole record is full of creepy and right out of *The Twilight Zone*. The music is really creepy '80s New Wave/theatrical Viking music. I've heard that this band is great live, so I'm not giving up on them yet. This is definitely the best of record that right out of a few listens before it is not disturbing anymore. The music boxes and recording techniques were however refreshing and much better than the same old same old.

K-LA
TIM HECKER
haunt me, haunt me do it again
(Substratic)
Today, in my favourite coffee shop, the quote of the day on the blackboard read: "Sentimentality is the death of art." Normally I would agree with such statements, but Tim Hecker has given this theory a run for its money. Hecker, a.k.a. Jettone, has created an ambient-electronic work of careful consideration and listening. The subtle atmospheres that overlay the punctuate beats of *Ultramarine* are here expanded into the body of sound, with many a direct 4/4 rhythm in sight.

Heavily processed samples make slight appearances before drifting into the orchestral. Rife with heavily-masked guitar feedback and intimate, detailed weavings of field recordings, each track is an epic exploration of its possible sonic trajectories, taking ample time to feel the spectrum, from low rumblings

that are drawn out only at the conjuring of a thrilling string peel to distortion that overtakes a melody, becomes over-come with its own density, and sound. In no way is this a predominantly minimalist work. Unlike the atmospheric beat minimalism of Substratic cohorts Mitchell Akiyama and Tomas Jirku, Hecker's work is deceptively complex and layered in its total composition. At low volumes—and on cheaper stereos—it passes by at times without attracting the ear. At higher volumes—and on good speakers—it reveals its musical brilliance, engaging the listener in a journey reminiscent of Hecker's Arctic landscape cover photography and track titles such as "boreal kiss" and "music for tundra."

The track titles are also evocative in their mysterious references: "Arctic love's rock" perhaps speaks to Sade's recent offerings; "the work of art in the age of cultural overproduction" significantly alludes to Walter Benjamin's overly-famous essay "The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction." As listeners, we are offered a window into Hecker's work: secretive, somewhat shy—yet optimistic, balancing a theoretical inquisitiveness with a musical appreciation that, at times, is humorous—for is "night flight to your heart" not a strange call to Boney M's "Night Flight to Venus"? The twist to the record's essential centrality that resonates from these beautiful and slow-paced soundscapes. And so perhaps the coffee shop wisdom is right, for what Hecker has created is not culturally overproduced sentimentality, but an extension of his personal rural memories that is only successful because of his lack of shame.

Jobius v
DAMIAN LOPES (Book Review)
Sensory Deprivation/Dream Poetics
(Coach House)

Contemporary poetry, on the whole, is nauseating. It is lost in sappy, personal reflections on love—"poppy" to a beat that should have died long ago—or stuck in a wannabe framework of avant guardism that collapses in on itself through over seriousness or lack thereof. To create an exciting poetry that gives chance for pause, that opens the mind to a multitude of networks at oblique angles—this is the dream, and it is with this strange double-book (each end is a cover that starts at both ends and proceeds toward the middle) that the avant garde is simultaneously dismissed and embraced, destroyed and dissected. (The corpse resurrected with jolts of diagrammatic wordplay and glibly Lettronic.)

Certainly the influence of the *Black Mountain Poets*, of Steve McCaffrey and L=A-N=G=U=A-G=E poetry

and Charles Olson and the hermeneutics of Derrida's deconstruction, swirl in fractal pools at the seams of DADA, Futurism and Surrealism. Carefully constructed post-Lettrist diagrams—moving past the Letter to the machine of the letters, the technology of letters and their processes—consisting of "rebel" and "rebel" machines, reminiscent of both *Kafka's Penal Colony* and Deleuze and Guattari's sketches, intersperse paragraphs, stanzas, and word arrangements that arrive at, at times, the story of the story itself.

Pages 54-67 of *Sensory Deprivation* form one long horizontal banner of poetics displayed in miniature on page 68: *Dream Poetics* features instructions for a piece called "Intropection," that asks the reader to construct, using cutouts on the subsequent pages, an envelope-style poem-inside-a-poem-inside-a-poem reminiscent of a Russian Doll. "Poetry" as we know it, arguing against itself, questioning itself, bringing its traditions to bear upon the present and advancing its possibilities for presentation and form, is carefully manipulated with intricate and aesthetically precise detail, a dream poetics of sensory deprivation, or vice-versa, that which deprives one's senses of dreams. It can be said that both the poetics and the deprivation play out the nostalgic memories of the impossible dream—of a time when sensory deprivation was the arena of poetry, a smaller canvas allowing basic movements and choices without worries of simplicity or ignorance, when the need to remember, counter, and take into account the explosion of art in the 20th Century was not urgently necessary. But a sentimental reflection on the avant garde this is not: all is simulacra in this text, and the past becomes the fertile circuitous spacing of the present that never ceases to amaze.

Jobius v
MUSIC FOR MAPMAKERS
For2
(Grenadine)
Forget about the fact that Montreal's Grenadine Records has put *The Dears* through with their early recordings contractual obligation album—fact is, this label really knows how to sniff them out.

On this album, originally titled *Karaoke and Other Slow Suicides*, the Ottawa trio plays simple, yet fascinatingly dreamy, acoustic songs, accented and in some cases spearheaded by the wonderfully warring vocals by Myles Bartlett, who sounds like a cross between a young John Mann, of *Spirit of the West* fame, and a somewhat less stoned version of New York's David Byrne.

Radiohead, a good deal of this album, musically, makes me think of the more pensive guitar experimental moments of

OK Computer and *The Bends*—moody, intense and sometimes eerie (especially on the instrumental closer, "This is Our Team"). Seeing as this is the trio's official debut EP, maybe these comparisons are lofty, but that's what my Magic Toe says...

Spike
NEED NEW BODY
Need New Body
(File 13)
Like my coworker Christa Min, I'm a big know-it-all. When CDs show up in the mail and they're by bands I've never heard of, I'm like, "Whatever, I've never heard of them, they suck." Then I throw them in the garbage, or give them to friends in return for fixing the computer or network. "Here, this band sucks, you'll like it."

It's kind of disconcerting, then, when I put a random crappy CD into the computer to test out the CD-ROM driver and the album is actually good. I start feeling all embarrassed that I've never heard of the band before and start dissimulating by pulling critical comparisons out of my ass. I'm like, "Whoah! This sounds like a totally frisky free-form explosion of all the best No Wave clichés mixed with the goofy eclecticism of blah blah blah." Then I start to feel better.

Sara Souci
OPERATION MAKEOUT
First Base
(Mint)
At first I wasn't a believer. I had *Operation Makeout's* live-song EP, gave it a listen and wasn't immediately impressed. I saw their play, yet still felt nothing. (Mint, I saw them play two more times before something clicked. Then I started to listen to the 14 minute EP over and over again. I became addicted to Kate and Jesse's vocals, Anna's upbeat drumming, the whole Sleater-Kinney-but-with-a-boy aesthetic. I'd leave *First Base* in my CD player for days, driving my roommates insane.

Yes, I'm now a believer. I may still stand at their show, with arms crossed and a blank look on my face, but inside I'm dancing.

Doretta Lau
SLEUMBER PARTY
Psychelicate
(KILL Rock Stars)
JONATHAN RICHMAN
Her Mystery Not of High Heels and Eye Shadow
(VaporWEA)

If your favourite member of the Velvet Underground was No Tucker, then boy do we have a couple of treats for you. *Sleumber Party's Psychelicate* (mad props for the relatively obscure Beach Boys reference) is a pillow soft mesh of swampy guitar, soft, padding drums and nursery rhyme melodies. Dreamy.

Of course the absolute king of post-mod pop remains the

enduringly charming Jonathan Richman. Rock snobs will tell you that his post-Modern Loovers work is but compensatory in inconsequential acoustic guitar-heavy whimsy. This writer can't really argue with that appraisal other than to add that albums like *You Must Ask the Heart* and, now, *Her Mystery Not of High Heels or Eye Shadow* contain some of the most beautifully inconsequential acoustic guitar-heavy whimsy ever recorded. Every song is a string of utterly beguiling musical and lyrical non-sequiturs. *Plus Her Mystery* finishes off with a new rendition of the classic "Vampire Girl"—sung in Spanish, to surprisingly amusing effect.

So here are some more names to add to your extremely short list of musicians you'd allow to stay in your spare room (should you be lucky enough to have one). Nighty night.

Sara Macklin

SWOLLEN MEMBERS
Bad Dreams
(Battle Axe/Network)
Since they, the hottest hip hop duo to come out of Canada ever, have gotten miles of ink already I'll simply say this: all about hypnotic beats, clever samples and loops, guest spots from members of such revered acts as Jurassic 5, Dilated Peoples, and The Roots, and some of the most eloquent rhymes in recent rap memory combine to make *Madchild* and *Preavil's* sophomore effort one of the best releases of 2001 in any genre.

Spike

YOUNG & SEXY
Stand Up for Your Mother
(Mint)
I didn't expect this long-awaited record to be released on the kissy-kissy smooch-smooch label. Mint Records seems to be expanding their horizons from the Lookout! wannabe days. *Young & Sexy* have a duo of voices, Lucy and Paul, that are the driving force of this band. The songs are well written; nice, sweet and poppy. I've been a fan of Y & S for a few years now and I expected great things with this record. Unfortunately I found this recording to be a little too convoluted and airy for me. I liked the band much more when it was a trio without drums, etc. The use of familiar sounds of Vancouver like the SkyTrain did add to the ambience.

K-LA

Think you are too cool? Write for Discorder and become really, really lame. Really.

MARCH 2002 AT THE BLINDING LIGHT CINEMA

MAR 5 8:30pm **INFORMATION PRESENTS**
DICKIN' AROUND!
Live dubbing of classic Dick Tracy movies

MAR 16 8:30pm **2500 ZONE LAUNCH #3**
— **HONDED ON COME**
Their latest release of the album *Light*
Greatest hits with new songs — **2500 ZONE** copes
to those who want to live the classic
comic book *HONDED ON COME*

MAR 7 8:30pm **JOINT EFFORT PRESENTS**
THE VOICE SET FREE
+ **OTE: THE MAKING**
+ **A REVOLUTIONARY**

MAR 8 8:30pm **UNUS PRESENTS**
THE VOICE SET FREE
— **THE MAKING**
— **A REVOLUTIONARY**
New film festival featuring three films
inspired by women in various genres of the
music industry and media arts.

MAR 10 8:30pm **WESTCOAST PREMIERE**
THE NEW WOMEN
— **THE MAKING**
— **A REVOLUTIONARY**
"Sweet and acidic home, it's a feminist
sick & tired" — *Revolutionary Magazine*

MAR 14 8:30pm **THE NEW WOMEN**
— **THE MAKING**
— **A REVOLUTIONARY**
"Sweet and acidic home, it's a feminist
sick & tired" — *Revolutionary Magazine*

MAR 15 20:30pm **WESTCOAST PREMIERE**
THE NEW WOMEN
— **THE MAKING**
— **A REVOLUTIONARY**
"Sweet and acidic home, it's a feminist
sick & tired" — *Revolutionary Magazine*

MAR 15 20:30pm **WESTCOAST PREMIERE**
THE NEW WOMEN
— **THE MAKING**
— **A REVOLUTIONARY**
"Sweet and acidic home, it's a feminist
sick & tired" — *Revolutionary Magazine*

MAR 22 8:30pm **SUBVERSIVE CINEMA:**
THE FILM OF
OLIVER ROCKWELL
Two decades of underground cinema,
politically critical and thoroughly
misogynistic works in film and video.

MAR 28 8:30pm **WESTCOAST PREMIERE**
THE NEW WOMEN
— **THE MAKING**
— **A REVOLUTIONARY**
"Sweet and acidic home, it's a feminist
sick & tired" — *Revolutionary Magazine*



real live action

live music reviews

THE WORD

Saturday, January 19

Comedian John Medeski and Wood, at the Commodore twice and it made me sad inside, so when I heard John Medeski was coming to town, I wasn't going to be left out again. I cared little that I had heard next to nothing about The Word, and I paid little regard to the fact that normally I am not a fan of "Mississippi blues." I needed to see John Medeski up close, playing the keys in the funky jazz-ed-up way he has created for himself. Truthfully, I did not get what I came for.

The leader of a band that had influenced the way I think about groove-oriented music did little more than to comp the solos of the lead and play a few lone jaunts on his own, which he did perfectly. But, the fact of the matter was that John Medeski wasn't what made this band the powerhouse that had more hippies free-dancing than I honestly cared to see. This honour belonged to Robert Randolph, and he deserved every second of it. Randolph plays the pedal steel guitar, which one normally associates with Alan Jackson or Randy Travis, but he certainly does not play in this fashion.

He kicked off the set with a firm demonstration of his technical ability and ear for melody that immediately got the eclectic crowd moving. For the remainder of the set, I had a hard time taking my eyes off this young talent. Yet Randolph was hardly the only source of excitement in the band. Besides the talented organist, John Medeski, Randolph also had the back-up ensemble of the North Mississippi Allstars.

This is the group that Medeski originally intended to tour with before Randolph was introduced. Being somewhat of a drum nerd, I was excited just to see the double kick Ayotte set up on stage. The young drummer behind it was more than competent, although his inexperience shone through at points, with mechanical drum fills and a less-than-solid right hand that didn't create the pocket the solidly grooving bass player was looking for. At one point the drummer left his position behind the kit to play a washboard which he had rigged through a couple of Danelectro effects pedals and a cry-baby wah. Gimmicky as that might sound, it was played quite skillfully, and held my attention until Randolph further demonstrated his dominance in the

band by jumping behind the kit to play a solid backup.

Unfortunately, due to Vancouver's horrid transit system, I was forced to leave just as the band kicked into "Voodoo Child." It sounded great from the bus stop across the street. In spite of my forced departure, the night was a great introduction for me to the power of live blues, and the possibilities of a pedal steel guitar.

Dave Gaerher



cunt at the railway club. photo by michelle furbacher

MILEMARKER
MECCA NORMAL
Tuesday, January 29
Ms. T's Cabaret

I forgot Milemarker were coming to town until the night before the show. I arrived at Ms. T's fashionably late to discover the doors closed. So we waited in the hallway and watched people coming and going from the bathroom next door. After this got pretty boring we were let in. Then Mecca Normal made me bored again. Granted, David Lester has great guitar moves. The only thing these two bands had in common was that the players used sports straps to keep their guitars on. Milemarker were nothing short of amazing in a world gone boring. The energy was pushed to the limits on this boring Vancouver night: there was even a fire show! Disjointed guitars and synths were played

in a way that went a step beyond the others of this crop. They were aided by the lovely female and male vocals with thoughtful lyrics. Thank you Milemarker—you might would have been boring without you.

lay

SUZANNE VEGA
Monday, February 4
Richard's on Richards
Despite being a fan of Suzanne Vega's for ten-plus years, I'd

the audience looked on jealously. I was floating.

Early in the set, she also slipped in such classics as "Blood Makes Noise," "Luka" and "Pilgrimage," getting the crowd more excited with each tune. For some unknown reason, she kept apologizing for her voice—the wonderfully husky-waif-like instrument it is—and her "rusty" guitar playing and for forgetting lyrics. Her apologetic nature only endeared her to myself and the rest of the audience even more. I just wanted to climb up on stage, give her a bear hug and tell her it was all cool. The five-foot stage was an ugly wedge between myself and the intimacy which Vega's set demanded.

Then Vega came to a part of the set where she took a long time to explain about how she had sung for a grade school the previous day and how she explained to them the story behind a teenaged romance which produced the inspiring tune "In Liverpool"; she then produced the journal pages from which the lyrics sprang and displayed them to the Richard's crowd—you could sense an unspoken "Awww" as Vega started into the touching ballad.

Before the necessary encore, Vega helped the crowd along through a capella version of "Tom's Diner" to resoundingly stupendous effect. If I wasn't convinced I was floating already, that moment did it. I

could've wafted out of the room on a cloud of joy there and then and been happier than happy but we were all treated to a lengthy three-song encore before we were sent off into the mild winter night air. Perfect.

Mike Chilton

CUNT
RAT PURDY
Thursday, February 7
The Railway Club

I arrived at the bar far too early, I sipped on brown beer for want of something to do, admiring the flowery brown-velvet carpet. The typical mesh of Railway crowd began trickling in—a generous helping of 30-some-things with the odd sprinkling of young, spunky short-haired chicks with Buddy Holly glasses.

When I heard the opening band sound-checking, I wondered if I had come to the wrong show: It was all slide guitar and lazy cymbals. Increasingly more and more cowboy hats were filling the bar (okay, two, but still). The curtains opened to reveal weathered men in checkerboard shirts. A brown beer and a half later they returned to the stage: their name was Rat Purdy.

The singer was an uneasy girl, a West Coast Patsy Cline, short-banged and plastic snake-skin-painted; she looked nervous but gained confidence throughout their laid-back set. I watched the creases in her pants trade places as she

swayed and pelted forth.

The band parted along in traditional country style. The drummer chugged and the guitarists played like it was as familiar to them as breathing. We were treated to old hits such as "Crazy," "Fever" and "Walking After Midnight." Their set ended like needle speeding into the circle after the last track of a Country Gloats record.

Nothing anyone tells you about this band can prepare you for Cunt. This is because there is never anything quite the same about them.

I last saw Cunt over a year ago in this very same venue. They were a group of outspoken girls dressed in schoolgirl outfits and chugging apple juice from JD bottles. So I wasn't a little surprised when I looked up this particular night to see a monk-like procession of faceless red hoods and housecoats heading toward the stage.

Cunt soon launched into their first and effectively only song of the evening, as the set was, in a way, just one long improvised song, grooving on whatever lyrics seemed to flow into their minds at the moment. Thankfully, the masks were soon removed and a show ensued that felt more like being at a sleeper party, enhanced by the performers' pyjamas, mismatched socks and clippers.

Instrumentation, aside from the basic drums, bass and two



MEDITERRANEAN HOMECOOKIN' • DRINKS • LIVE MUSIC

Friday, March 1
Saturday, March 2
Sunday, March 3
Wednesday, March 6
Thursday, March 7
Friday, March 8
Saturday, March 9
Sunday, March 10
Tuesday, March 12
Wednesday, March 13
Thursday, March 14
Friday, March 15
Saturday, March 16
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Tuesday, March 18
Wednesday, March 20
Thursday, March 21
Friday, March 22, 23
Sunday, March 24
Wednesday, March 27
Thursday, March 28
Friday, March 29
Saturday, March 30
Monday, March 31

Heather Griffin
Fond of Tigers / Not a Toy
Bandcover Sunday w/ Matthew Presidente
Shippy Auburn
from Toronto... Michelle Rumball / John Gullak
Chad Macquarrie / Geoff Berner / Brandon xxx
Bandcover Sunday w/ Marg Desouz and friends
Exile on Main St. w/ Amy Honey
Kevin Kane w/ Jane "In" Anderson
Steve Dawson (Zubat and Dawson) w/ Elliot Palsky
Bottleneck
Kevin House w/ Mac Pontiac
Bandcover Sunday w/ Mac Pontiac
Exile on Main St. w/ Amy Honey
Mikey Manville
Steve Dawson w/ Elliot Palsky
CAROLYN MARK EXTRAVAGANZA!! 2 Miles w/ Clay George
Bandcover Sunday w/ Janet Panic
Kevin Kane w/ Ian Jones (Plato)
T. Paul. Ste. Marie presents... (Lit. site)
Slowdrag
John Gullak
CLOSED FOR EASTER

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keys, was topped off with kazooes, an accordion, a recorder, a trumpet and a rattle thingee—and amongst them all lay a cucumber on stage, not doing anything at all; just hanging out. The girls all shared the vocals and at times there could be three different melodies going on, with another chanting on top of that.

Jams were built on normal bits of conversation and phrases amplified into convoluted rhythms. "We Don't Have A Fucking Clue What We're Doing Here"—Julie Andrews style—was followed by a grooving "You Paid Money to Watch Us Fuck Around." Stolen pop lines were mutated and mixed with random banter. There was an attempt at jazz and an offer was made to trade hits for brown M&Ms. No candy appeared but "Suck My Tits" was, well, sweet. At one point the bass player spontaneously became an advice columnist.

Other gems of the evening included "She's the Only Dyke in the Band," "We've Already Played This Riff Before" and "Housewives have Deadlocks, Too," parlayed in operatic. But my favourite would have to be "Goodbye, Sexline, Hello, Life," one girl's upbeat salute to having been fired from her job earlier in the week.

Hours later, when all was packed up and the brown beer had taken its unseemly effect on the remainder of the patrons,

I perceived two of four Cunts sitting together in a corner still going, singing bits of conversation to one another quite happily amidst the drunken landscape.

Michelle F.

THE NEW DEAL Sonar, Thursday, February 7

Live progressive breakout house?! What?! What the hell was I getting myself into? Such was my feeling arriving at Sonar to see Toronto's *The New Deal*. I decided to review this show 'cause my friends were going. Plus I got a free ticket, which didn't hurt either.

Inside, it was pretty obvious that the crowd had come to dance. Taking the stage at half past eleven the band—Jamie Shields (keyboards), Dan Kurtz (bass), and Darren Shearer (drums)—launched into their first set.

What sets *The New Deal*'s live shows apart from others is that every set is entirely improvised. The sets consist of jams including snippets of songs that fluidly meld into each other, creating an omnipresent groove.

For those of us not familiar with their music, the uniqueness of each song can be lost. Real appreciation of the songs and the talent of this band came from watching the layering and creation of every song as it is played. Communicating through hand-signals, Shields and Kurtz seemed to take turns

determining the melodic direction of a jam. Shearer, a human drum-machine and beat-box, brought the jams to dizzying climaxes that comprised some of the most exhilarating moments of the show.

The band's tight sound ranged from atmospheric trance accompanied by sparse lighting and smoke effects, to full on breakout house. This gig was the last stop on the band's cross-country tour, and they were clearly psyched to be playing to the packed house. The feeling was mutual. By the second set the dance floor was packed, the entire capacity seemingly squished around the stage.

Attempting to describe the feeling you're left with after seeing these guys is pointless. You're just gonna have to go see them the next time they're in town. They're incredible. I promise. Plus, they did an instrumental cover of Ozzy's "Crazy Train." How much cooler can you possibly get?

Grady Macintosh

THE VUE HOT HOT HEAT 31 KNOTS

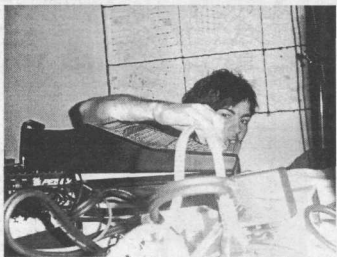
Friday, February 8
Pic Pub

Killer triple bills like this one prove that the Northwest music scene is not, contrary to popular belief, dead. There was a fourth band which played before Portland's 31 Knots, but since I arrived near the end of their performance neither I, nor

anyone who was there for the rest of their set, had any idea who they were. Some acquaintances even thought the mysterious band was 31 Knots. The Knots made it perfectly clear when they came onstage with a din of feedback, a flailing guitarist and a chunky, Hüsker Dü guitar-pop sound. The trio careened through an eight-song set and promptly made their escape. Victoria's *Hot Hot Heat*, their equally dancey sound recalled the previous line-up, more than in

would have been even better if there had been room for the sold-out audience to actually dance in front of the stage, as the Heat's music demanded—one reason I miss the Starfish Room already. About seven or eight songs later, it was two bands down, one more to go.

The last time I saw *The Vue*, they were called *The Audience* and had a different line-up. However, their equally dancey sound recalled the previous line-up, more than in



safety scissors rewires the video-in. photo by tobias v.

with *The Red Light Sting* and *Three Inches of Blood* six days earlier, were set up in short course and playing before too long. They, too, bothered very little with small talk and got down to playing as solid a set as the Knots, if not better. And it

passing, as well as the musical spirits of modders like *The Jam*, meets the attitude of such Olympia art punks like *Beat Happening*, meets the snotty in-your-face style of such dearly departed retro-garage-punk acts as the *Black Halos* and

Murder City Devils. I have to admit I found this incarnation of the Oregon quintet to be more satisfying in every way, as compared to my introduction a couple of years back out at the Brickyard—another venue I've been missing lately. Anyway, this show, despite the lackluster venue, was as good a rockfest as this city's seen in this still young 2002—but *The Immortal* Lee County Killers was to take place there the next night...

Mike Chilton

SUTEKH SAFETY SCISSORS DI TOBIAS Saturday, February 9

Video In
If you weren't an electronageek you wouldn't have seen this show unless, like myself, you dragged along your rock-oriented chums, kicking and drinking. Once inside, the substance abuse continued but the kicks transformed into knee swivels and head bobs. The promoters managed to dress this concrete vault of a venue up with digitalized visuals and mood lighting. Devotees of the *Mill Plateaux* record label and the rest of the internationally known underground (if that makes sense) packed the Video In. Bay Area expatriate Matthew Curry (aka *Safety Scissors*)'s brand of minimal electronica kept the dance floor sporadically dancing and steadfastly curious. I could have done nonebut Curry's *David Gahan-esque*

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vocals—however intentionally cheesy they might have been. Frequent Spawties Scissors collaborator Sutekh was more beat-driven and techno/house oriented than Scissors. Sutekh's music, though, is enough to make a robot sweat and rust. CITR's own DJ Tobias and counterpart Seis finished off the evening and the crowd with well-received sets of hard techno and effects. This music of machines is what the kids are into. It wasn't the lead singers' irreverence or the bands' look (although many were swooning over Curry). But rather the music effects, that were the spotlight of the evening. A scene is growing in Vancouver—you've been advised and warned.

Robert Rotot

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III
Tuesday, February 12
Richard's on Richards
Loudon Wainwright III is great. His son is more famous than he is, but I like him better. He's a real performer. He can't do it all, good songs, sing-a-long songs and witty inter-song banter. He would tell little stories about songs but, unlike most, he would actually care about these anecdotes. Having relied only on heard Loudon's output from the 1970s I was a bit scared he may have gone the way of many other performers. But no, he didn't sound like poo-poo, he looked healthy, and he didn't depend on his songs. His songs were even good. He was really amazing at taking requests. Someone in the audience would yell out a song, he would play it, just like that, a human jukebox minus the quarter. At least that is how it worked for everyone else. You see, my favorite Loudon Wainwright song is "New Paint" and I know it has to be to someone else's favorite. I yelled him I turned blue, but he never played it. He took every-one's request but mine, he even played "Dead skunk." "New Paint" is brilliant, why didn't you play it, Lou? I mean, you

SOOLAH
SHERRY OSTAPOVITCH
BIRTHDAY MACHINE
PLEASE CAR

Wednesday, February 13
The Sugar Refinery
Soolah, aka Patrick Deadly, played some groovy tunes to begin the first night of the *Beautiful Music* festival at the Sugar Refinery, and played between sets as well. Sadly, I can't remember much more than that. I know I liked what he played, but my memory is bad.

Sherry Ostapovitch, who records under the name Music for the Moment, lives in England, did a really cool set with two electric guitars (one that she played nicely and one that she bashed in order to make atmospheric sounds) and pedals. I loved her sound, live and bought her CD. Her CD is good, too.

The Birthday Machine

played their first show with Scott Malin (The Secret Three) on bass. There were new songs they all sang together at once. It was very sweet.

Tygh Runyan and Damon Henry, of The Beans united with Richard Folgar to form Please Car. All three play the bass, and the music is sparse. Runyan also works with samples and beats. The music was dirty, but tight at the same time. Each bass had a different role: the steady bass (Henry), the tuneful bass (Runyan), and the risk-taking, edge-of-improvisation sounding bass (Folgar). I was sort of a guest and didn't even realize that they were all playing bass until two days later. But now I know, and as the war propaganda cartoon *GI Joe* says, that's half the battle.

JUSTA STEVENSON
BURNQUITLAIN PLAZA
RODNEY GRAHAM
PARKS AND REC
Thursday, February 14
The Sugar Refinery

I was so packed in the Sugar Refinery that I couldn't hear what Joshua Stevenson was playing. Nor did I see whether he was rocking a laptop or spinning records. There were a number of simultaneous conversations going on and I have to admit that I got caught up in the chatter. If I was a better reviewer-type person, I would have went up to the DJ table and stood behind him with my microphone. He told me some secrets so I'd have something good to report but, alas, I'm the kind of girl who gets distracted by crayon drawings and people I haven't seen for a while.

Wilen Barquillain Plaza (Nick from Pano) started playing. I didn't even know that he'd started. I was sitting behind a lamp. But my Spidey sense kicked in, and I listened. I liked the set very much. Sam Macklin worked the sampler to make pleasing accompaniments to singing and piano. Ida Nielson played the trumpet. Nick did a cover of "Smooth Operator" that is still going on my head.

Rodney Graham's guitar let me be before his set started. If my seat had been that good when he was actually playing, I could tell you a lot. But I had to go back to the table behind the lamp, so I couldn't see who he was accompanied by. His singing style is a little like Bill Callahan's, and more than one person said, "This sounds kind of like Smog." This is a good thing.

The crowd thinned out a little as it grew later. Too bad for the people who left early, because Parks and Rec (members of The Secret Three plus three and Nick on keyboards) played a beautiful set. Who knew so many instruments together could produce such gentle, mellow music? The sound of Chris Harris and Nick singing together makes for a beautiful moment. Hurrah for boys who sing.

MICRO NICE
JON-RAE FLETCHER
THE SPARROW
THE BATTLES
Friday, February 15
The Sugar Refinery

By the third night of *Beautiful Music*, I realized that I was the only one who showed up for all three nights and didn't have a role (like Organizer, Recorder, Musician or Sugar Refinery Staff).

Chris Harris (The Secret Three, Parks and Rec) is Micro Nice. The records he played between sets (when you could hear it over the talking) were both crazy and uncanny. Godwin, despite aggressively avoiding eye contact with us throughout his set, has an overwhelming and also mesmerizing emotional sinuosity to his performance, leaving the audience captivated.

Next up was the conspicuously straightforward Leah Abramson, a rising star in the Victoria folk scene and, truth be told, a little out of place on this bill. Nevertheless, although officially I'm opposed to unironic emotional expression—and the guitar in general when lacking the sly acidity of hyper-intellectual distortion—Ms. Abramson's million-dollar voice is nothing short of breathtaking. This combined with her excellent songwriting ability and instrumental talents makes her eventual capture by capitalists and removal to some far-off, inevitable, Stardom, it would

The Battles were a partially-acoustic session. There were girls dancing in the Sugar Refinery. Sure, there was alcohol involved, but they were dancing because they really dug The Battles. If I hadn't been a) tired, b) self-conscious and c) pinned to the wall by the crowd, maybe I would have considered shaking my ass to the retro sound.

Peaches-cover interlude that lasted maybe thirty seconds. Boys singing Peaches lyrics is a good thing, even if they don't sing the really raunchy bits.

Doretta Liu

JULIAN WHO
KING FELIX
LEAH ABRAMSON
PAUL K

NICK SOAPSHID
TYLER MOUNTNEY
DYLAN GODWIN
Friday, February 15
Ms. T's Cabaret
Despite the unhealthy level of self-deprecatory audience interaction which characterizes any series of solo performances, The Broken Hearts Cabaret at Ms. T's (check it out: held the day after Valentine's day) was a thoroughly enjoyable evening of romantic post-rock indifference, continuing that venue's tradition of supporting the new and strange, and emerging. Barring the irritating banter and near-constant technical slip-ups and restarts, the performances were invariably spectacular, each in their own special way with credit owing to the always terrific sound quality and distinctive ambience of Ms. T's.

First on was Nick Soapshid, the youngest performer in the bunch, but still holding his own against the veterans

with well-constructed songs, an emotionally complex and affecting style (all artists who performed, with the exception of King Felix, were solo singers/guitarists) and obvious potential for much, much more. Soapshid—in his first solo performance—already has the ability to evoke poignancy with precision and proved his skill with powerful, original material.

Using an opposite technique—but equally effective—Dylan Godwin's performance was an exercise in calculated histrionics, tempered and refined by lyrics which were both crazy and uncanny. Godwin, despite aggressively avoiding eye contact with us throughout his set, has an overwhelming and also mesmerizing emotional sinuosity to his performance, leaving the audience captivated.

Next up was the conspicuously straightforward Leah Abramson, a rising star in the Victoria folk scene and, truth be told, a little out of place on this bill. Nevertheless, although officially I'm opposed to unironic emotional expression—and the guitar in general when lacking the sly acidity of hyper-intellectual distortion—Ms. Abramson's million-dollar voice is nothing short of breathtaking. This combined with her excellent songwriting ability and instrumental talents makes her eventual capture by capitalists and removal to some far-off, inevitable, Stardom, it would

seem, is only for the sincere.

Tyler Mountney followed, carrying the distinction of performing the only standing set of the evening. Normally, doing a Tom Waits cover would be an automatic fail for any musician in my books, but Mountney reassured us that he actually knew nothing about Waits' career, and redeemed himself with a solid, confident set. Mystically, Mountney in his suit seemed somehow the most appropriate act of the evening for the single green fiberglass cactus adorning the stage.

Performing only during the brief intermissions after Mountney and Paul K's sets, spoken word artist King Felix played his role with admirable humility. Spoken word really doesn't do it for me, but the novel-sounding King rock of his second standing was undeniably compelling and well-written, and, thanks to his dynamic physical presence, convincingly enacted.

One of the most engaging performances of the evening was the inimitable Paul K, playing intelligently constructed songs with a controlled ferocity and balanced self-reflexivity (for example, the final stanza of his last song ran, *mutatis mutandis* "I'm gonna keep singing 'till you tell me to stop," but Paul K avoids the amateur's mistake of actually requiring the audience to respond and instead simply sang, *mutatis mutandis*, curtailing the song after two of

these refrains). Paul K charmed the audience with his humour and seemingly genuine bashfulness, diffidently apologizing for not playing the entire show flatfoot, as he had originally planned.

Julian Who, the evening's organizer and reluctant headliner (the show was organized in part to promote Who's debut album, which will be under review by this writer in next month's issue) enhanced his subtle spookiness by playing his set backlit, presenting the audience with only his gentle yet fearsome silhouette. Who's stage presence and mastery of his voice and chosen instrument are phenomenal, and his set of poignant, uncanny pseudo-rock was altogether too brief.

Dorettan

SLAYER
HATEBRED
Sunday, February 17
Commodore

[Funny, witty opening line.] Introduction: Something about the "atmosphere," the coat check, and the kinds of people in the crowd.]

[Hatebred: jock metal, serious ballad, baseball caps, haircuts.]

[Slayer: amazing, 18 MAR-

SHALL CABINETS, Lombardo, drum riser, "Raining Blood," blah, blah, blah, etc., etc.]

[Conclusion: pain, teeth, age.]

[Funny, witty closing line that relates to the opening one.]

Christa Min

culture shock

fruity melancholy by Anthony Monday

A Short Kiss for a Short Month.
or, Why I Cannot Listen to Him Play the Piano.

I dream of time slowing down, of it becoming something languid. Of entire days taken up wholly by him kissing between the shoulder blades. Of breakfasts extending for weeks to the end, and never having to make beds or call people or glance up at the clock. I dream of things slowly, irrevocably, coming to a stop. Just for a moment, just for a while. Like the last note on a violin.

I cannot say why I want this. I do not know. Even as a child, I could not sit still. I have memories of a constant stream of parents, grandparents and other relatives all telling me to sit down, or sit still or just sit. These are strong memories. I can almost touch them—hold them up and show them to a friend, a lover, an ugly stranger. I would hold them like a guitar.

There are other memories that are less tangible. They are fish, they are ghosts, and they are fog. My 10th birthday. Boarding school. My first kiss. These are things that are like movies. They are like a bass cello.

And still, there are memories that are not there anymore. They are lost data, they are sentences forgotten, they are the calls that the dead breathe. They are the rotting matter of a dying planet. They are the lost instruments of cultures dead and gone, colonized and beaten. They are the instruments no-one knows how to play anymore.

It is a fact: to place a new living organism into an ecosystem will wrack havoc on the whole net of that world. These are things we learn in high school. We draw maps and webs and colourful pictures for Mr Slater, each little creature joined: the bear and the butterfly.

Now, in the cold Saturday afternoon it is Vancouver Grey, and only a crow looks to my window and calls. This is all

new, I think to myself. These are all the new things that shouldn't be here. And though the view from here is only old moss covered roof-tops, it still feels too new. The memories and the forgetting have not had time to grow, to travel through space and colonize new planets—desert moons. The musical instruments needed to play the memories have not yet been invented. It is a sound that can only be heard by dogs. It does not exist yet. It is not in this time.

Time and memory and music are all an ecosystem, this much is the truth we cannot learn from high school teachers. They are a secret language. Delicate. They are all part of a sensitive world whose filaments are in a continuous state of flux in a colour world, place where all the forgotten memories are music, and time is not so linear. A place that is still growing and evolving in its own time; where every breakfast is a living memory; where you can kiss your friend on the shoulder blades and it is a song.

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THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 3:00-5:00PM Real cowshit-caught-in-your-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING alt. 5:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.). '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

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THE SHOW 10:00PM-12:00AM Strictly Hip Hop—Strictly Underground—Strictly Vinyl. With your host Mr. Rumble on the 1 & 2's.

TRANCEANCE 12:00-

2:00AM

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BBC WORLD SERVICE 2:00-6:00AM

MONDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM Your favourite brownies, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

FILL-IN alt. 11:00-1:00PM GRIFFOULD alt. 11:00-1:00PM

PARIS UNKNOWN 1:00-3:00PM

Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host Chris. STAND AND BE CUNTED 3:00-4:00PM

DJ Hancunt wants you to put your fist to the wrist—you know where!

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS 4:00-5:00PM

A chance for new CTR DJs to flex their musical muscle. Surprises galore.

WENER'S BARBQUE 5:00-6:00PM Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the T8rds.

CRASH THE POSE (formerly Evil Vs. Good) alt. 6:00-7:30PM Hardcore/punk as fuck from beyond the grave.

REEL TO REEL alt. 6:00-6:30PM

Movie reviews and criticism. MY ASS alt. 6:30-7:30PM Phelps, Albini, 'n' me.

WIGFLUX RADIO 7:30-9:00PM

Since we can't go into advertising, we thought we'd go into radio. Our blurb suit, but our show don't. Tune into Wigflux Radio with your hosts Vix and Krystabelle.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-

12:00AM

Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

Mar. 4: Out Of This World, the only recording by an under-appreciated and sadly forgotten master tenor saxophonist named Walter Benton. He performs with pianist Wynton Kelly and trumpet heavy Freddie Hubbard.

Mar. 11: Trombone pioneer JJ Johnson plays jazz standards and original compositions with a big band conducted and arranged by Oliver Nelson.

Mar. 18: The Ornate Coleman Trio Live At The Golden Circle.

Mar. 25: Miles Davis live at San Francisco's legendary jazz club The Blackhawk in 1961 with tenorist Hank Mobley, pianist Wynton Kelly, bassist Paul Chambers and drummer Jimmy Cobb. Some of the best live jazz!

VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-3:00AM Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—punk fucking Christ.

PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES 3:00-6:30AM

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' 6:30-8:00AM

Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and 'The lovely Andrea' Berman.

WORLD HEAT 8:00-9:30AM

An old punk rock heart considers the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near and far. Your host, the great Darylnai, seeks reassurance via <worldheat@hotmail.com>

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourage that is Rock and Roll. Deadlier than the most dangerous criminal! <robinixity-nine@hotmail.com>

BLUE MONDAY alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtop to, hosted by Coyote.

ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSES alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM

PARTICLE 1:00-2:00PM Incorporated into the soul are the remnants of digital sound. Unleashed, cryptic economies accelerate the sound particles

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

6 ^{AM}								6 ^{AM}
7	REGGAE LINKUP	BBC WORLD SERVICE	PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	7
8				SUBURBAN JUNGLE				8
9					END OF THE WORLD NEWS			9
10	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	WORLD HEAT	FOOL'S PARADISE		CAUGHT IN THE RED		10
11					PLANET LOVETRON		THE SATURDAY EDGE	11
12 ^{PM}				FILLIN		SKAT-T'S SCENIC DRIVE		12 ^{PM}
1	ROCKERS SHOW	GRIFFOULD	BLUE MONDAY	ANOIZE	CANADIAN LUNCH	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	FILLIN	1
2		PARTS UNKNOWN	PARTICLE	THE SHAKE	STEVE & MIKE		POWERCHORD	2
3	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	STAND AND BE CUNTED(CF)	ELECTRIC AVENUES (Ed)	RADIO FREE PRESS	THE CINCHAMOTOPEDIA SHOW	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW	CODE BLUE	3
4	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS	LA BOMBA (Wn)	MOTORDADDY		NARDWUAI PRESENTS		4
5		WENER'S BARBQUE (Sp)	10,000 VOICES (Tk)	RACHEL'S SONG	LEGALLY HIP (Tk)	CITR NEWS (Tk)	ELECTROLUX HOUR	5
6	QUEER FM	CRASH THE POSE	FLEX YOUR HEAD	POP GOES THE WEASEL	OUT FOR KICKS	FAREASTSIDE SOUNDS	UBC THUNDERBIRD SPORTS	6
7		REEL TO REEL (N)		AND SOMETIMES WHY	ON AIR	AFRICAN RHYTHMS		7
8		MY ASS (Ec)		REPLICA REJECT	WITH GREASED HAIR		SYNAPTIC SANDWICH	8
9	RHYTHMSINDIA	WIGFLUX RADIO	SALARIO MINIMO	FOLK OASIS	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD HELL	HOME BASS		9
10	THE SHOW	THE JAZZ SHOW	VENUS FLYTRAP	STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR	HIGHBRED VOICES	BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD	SOUL TREE	10
11							PIPE DREAMS	11
12 ^{AM}	TRANCEANCE	VENGEANCE IS MINE!	AURAL TENTACLES	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS		THE RED EYE	12 ^{AM}
1							EARWAX	1
2	BBC WORLD SERVICE	PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES		FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM		BBC WORLD SERVICE	REGGAE LINKUP	2
3								3
4								4
5								5
6								6

Cf= conscious and funky • Ch= children's • Dc= dance/electronic • Ec= eclectic • Gi= goth/industrial • Hc= hardcore • Hh= hip hop

Hk= Hans Kloss • K=Kids • Jz= jazz • Lm= live music • Lo= lounge • M= metal • No= noise • Nw= Nardwuar • Po= pop • Pu= punk

R= reggae • Rn= rock • Rls= roots • Sk= ska • So= soul • Sp= sports • Tk= talk • W= world

through states of Becoming, breaking the flesh, whirling, hydro-head, rhizomatic sky. www.bumb.com

CPR 2:00-3:30PM
buh bump... buh bump... this is the sound your heart makes when you listen to science talk and techno... buh bump...

LA BOMBA (First three Tuesdays) **3:30-4:30PM**
ELECTRIC AVENUES 3:30-4:30PM Last Tuesday of every month, hosted by The Richmond Society For Community Living. A variety music and spoken word program with a special focus on people with special needs and disabilities.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 4:30-5:00PM
10:00 VOICES 5:00-6:00PM Poetry, spoken word, performances, etc.

FLECK YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM Up the punk, down the emo! Keepin' it real since 1989' yo. <http://fleckyourhead.vancouverhardcore.com/>

SALARIO MINIMO 8:00-10:00PM

VENUS FILTRAP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM loveden@hotmail.com

SOULSONIC WANDERLUST alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM Photo platter, slim chatter

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-6:00AM It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something somewhat different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-7:00AM

THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM Bringing you an entertaining and eclectic mix of new and old music live from the Jungle Room with your irreverent hosts Jack Velvet and Nick The Greek. R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, Americana, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem! suburbanjungle@channel88.com

FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-10:00AM Japanese music and talk.

FILL-IN 10:00AM-12:00PM

ANOIZE 12:00-1:00PM Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM

RADIO FREE PRESS 2:00-3:00PM Zines are dead! Long live the zine show!

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM "Eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy, repeat."

RACHEL'S SON 5:00-6:30PM Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music too. <http://www.necessaryvoices.org>

POP GOES THE WEASEL 6:30-7:30PM

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM (First Wednesday of every month.)

REPLICA REJECT alt. 7:30-9:00PM Indie, new wave,

punk, noise, and other.

FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluesgrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, alt. country and more. Not a mirage!

ckloasis@canada.com

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhungari "Chakki de phutay."

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 12:00-3:00AM

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 3:00-6:00AM

THURSDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS 8:00-10:00AM

PLANET LOVETRON 10:00-11:30AM Music inspired by Chloë Sevigny, Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkship.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM

STEVE AND MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boy's club-in-the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow (hardcore).

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW 2:00-3:00PM Comic comic comic. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RYTHMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM

LEGALLY HIP alt. 5:00-6:00PM

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY alt. 5:00-6:00PM Viva la Velouriani! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it! <http://www.sustainability.com/dinos/radio>

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM The best in roots rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily-attired host Gary Olsen. crisplips55@aol.com

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9 Live bandz from 10-11

HIGHBRED VOICES 11:00PM-1:00AM

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM Loops, layers, and oddities. Naked phone staff. Resident hailcock with guest DJs and performers. <http://plutonia.org>

FRIDAYS

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-UK DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM Email requests to cdjska@hotmail.com.

THESE ARE THE BEATS

12:00-2:00PM Top notch crate diggers DJ Avi Shock and Promo mix the underground hip hop, old school classics and original breaks.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW 2:00-3:30PM The best mix of music, news, sports and commentary from among the local and international Latin American communities.

NARDWAAR THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-5:00PM

CITR NEWS AND ARTS 5:00-6:00PM

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM Hosted by DJ Noah, techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD 12:00-2:00AM

SATURDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 2:00-8:00AM

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

8-9AM African/World roots. 9AM-12PM Celtic music and performances.

FILL-IN 12:00-1:00PM

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Dwin, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE 3:00-5:00PM From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul.

ELECTROLUX HOUR 5:00-6:00PM

UBC THUNDERBIRD SPORTS 6:00-8:00PM Tune in for ongoing coverage of T-Bird events. Check civic for details.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH 8:00-10:00PM

SOUL TREE alt. 10:00-1:00AM From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree.

PIPEDREAMS alt. 10:00-1:00AM

THE RED EYE alt. 1:00-4:30AM

EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM "noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock innu junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needles on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out. —Guy Smiley

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-9:00AM Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria quake. Hosted by Sister B.

Kick around march 2007

Scott Mahin



a collection of Kick around, sept 2000 - dec 2001, is now available. email Kickaround@hotmail.com.

CITR IS ON THE WEB AT WWW.CITR.CA

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295

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Cut off date to enter is March 15th.

For more information and to register online:

www.newmusicwest.com

or email:
info@newmusicwest.com

May 08 - 12 Vancouver

UBC's downtown campus at Robson Square

**The West Coast's
Premiere Music Festival**

This year all artists **WILL** receive confidential feedback on their submission! The top 200 artists will be chosen to perform during NewMusicWest 2002 May 8 - 12. The top 20 artists will appear on our CD compilation!

Each submission receives feedback from at least 3 music industry professionals



Rock



Punk



Hip Hop



Singer
Songwriter



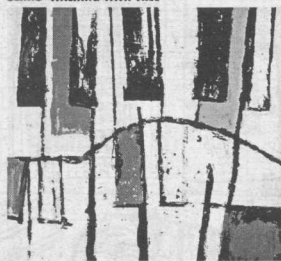
Electronic



World

Win 25 hours of recording time at the world renowned Mushroom Studios

CLINIC WALKING WITH THEE



other Clinic titles:

3 EPs CD

Internal Wrangler LP/CD

Distortions CDEP

Return of Evil Bill CDEP

Second Line CDEP

CLINIC

Walking With Thee LP/CD
Domino USA

The second album by Liverpool's new favorite sons, co-produced with Ben Hillier (Blur, Elbow), and released by Domino USA. With reference points as disparate as Joe Meek, Studio One dub, The Shangri-Las, Crime, Suicide, and the Silver Apples, plus endorsements from Radiohead, Rolling Stone, Spin, A/P, Magnet, and more.

"One of this year's artists to watch" - Rolling Stone



CLINIC
3 EPs CD



CLINIC
Internal Wrangler LP/CD



Domino USA is distributed in Canada via Scratch Distribution.
<http://www.midheaven.com>

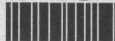
CLINIC LIVE!
Sun March 24th
@ Richards on Richards

Clinic releases are (potentially) available from Apollo, Black Swan, Boomtown, Luckys, Noize, Scratch, Teenage Rampage, Virgin Megastore & Zulu.



www.scratchrecords.com

charts



what's being played at CiTR 101.9fm



March Long Vinyl

- | | | |
|------------------------|---------------------------------------|------------------|
| 1 Stereo Total | Musique Automatique | Bobsled |
| 2 Tennessee Twin | Free to Do What? | Mint |
| 3 Mary Lou Lord | Live City Sounds | Rubic |
| 4 Felix Da Housecat | Kittenz and Thee Glitz Emperor Norton | |
| 5 Cornelius | Point | Matador |
| 6 Cancer Conspiracy | The Audio Medium | BWVR |
| 7 Zero 7 | Simple Things | Quango |
| 8 Link Wray | Golden Classics | Sundazed |
| 9 Andrew WK | I Get Wet | Island |
| 10 Frog Eyes | The Bloody Hand | Global Symphonic |
| 11 Rhume | Jeu de Puissance | Kelp |
| 12 Hives | Main Offender | BWVR |
| 13 Bad Religion | The Process of Belief | Epitaph |
| 14 Trail Vs. Russia | The Anvil | Independent |
| 15 Microbunny | Microbunny | Independent |
| 16 Sam Shalabi | On Hashish | Alien 8 |
| 17 Dimitri from Paris | After the Playboy... | Astralwerks |
| 18 Nabukazu Takemura | Sign | Thrill Jockey |
| 19 Dressy Bessy | Sound Go Round | Kindercore |
| 20 Just Barelys | Just Barleys | Independent |
| 21 Tim Hecker | Haunt Me | Subtractif |
| 22 Cleats | Lost Voice, Broken Strings | Longshot |
| 23 Sneaker Pimps | Blood Sport | Tommy Boy |
| 24 Tanya Donelly | Beauty Sleep | Reprise |
| 25 Carnations | The Carnations | Independent |
| 26 Various Artists | Funky 16 Corners | Stone's Throw |
| 27 Mr. T Experience | ...And the Women... | Lookout! |
| 28 Controlled Bleeding | Can You Smell... | Tone Casualties |
| 29 Dears | Nor the Dahlias | Grenadine |
| 30 Chris Murray | 4-Trackaganza | Independent |

March Short Vinyl

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|
| 1 The Spiffires | Juke Box High | Glazed |
| 2 Destroyer | The Music Lovers | Sub Pop |
| 3 The Cleats | Save Yourself | Longshot |
| 4 The Stereo/Ultimate | Fakebooksplit | Popkid |
| 5 The Class Assassins | No Justice...No Peace | Insurgence |
| 6 Matt Pond | This is Not | Polyvinyl |
| 7 Bright Eyes | Motion Sickness | Blood of the Young |
| 8 Victim's Family | Calling Dr.... | Alt. Tentacles |
| 9 New Town Animals | Lose That Girl | Mint |
| 10 Riff Randalls | How 'bout Romance | Lipstick |
| 11 The Lallies | Channel Heaven | Evil World |
| 12 Tijuana Bibles | Mexican Courage | Trophy |
| 13 The Evaporators | Honk the Horn | Mint |
| 14 Red Hot Lovers | s/t | Redline |
| 15 Butchies | Where R We | Mr. Lady |
| 16 Piebald | Just a Simple Plan | BWVR |
| 17 Cave In | s/t | Hydrahead |
| 18 The Mabels | Shifting Sands | Drive In |
| 19 Various Artists | Volume One | Out of Touch |
| 20 Mirah | Cold Cold Water | K |

March Indie Home Jobs

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 The Accident | Perestroiko |
| 2 The Organ | We've Got to Meet |
| 3 Three Inches of Blood | Tonight we Rejoice |
| 4 The Spinoffs | Novely Garb |
| 5 Sharp Teeth | Burn Return |
| 6 The Byronic Heroes | Ant Dance |
| 7 Human Hi-Lite Reel | Lamba-a-Rama |
| 8 Ether's Void | It's Over |
| 9 Second Narrows | Live off the Floor |
| 10 Bestest | Willfor |
| 11 White Lights | Your main Man |
| 12 Roadbed | JB Fool |
| 13 Mr. Solid | Already Gone |
| 14 The Woodwinks | Alibis |
| 15 Six Block Radius | Kill to Hide |
| 16 Bend Sinister | Untitled |
| 17 Viken | Corrections |
| 18 Adios Amen | Front Man |
| 19 Maynards | Sixteeny |
| 20 The Plutonics | Don't Call it Love |

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape/CD ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our DJs during the previous month (ie, "March" charts reflect airplay over February). Weekly charts can be received via email. Send mail to "majordomo@unixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts." •

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datebook

what's happening in March



FR 1

bruno hubert trio@sugar refinery; spiffies@pic; dark side of the rainbow, 2001: a space odyssey echo@blinding light!; heather griffin@main; rogue folk club present dan@wise; kick in the eyestallora

SAT 2

sunshine plague travelling new@sugar refinery; wave@commode; hayden, julie doiron@vogue; dark side of the rainbow, 2001: a space odyssey echo@blinding light!; fond of tigers, no. y@main; young and sexy cd release party@wise; the politics of prison: from bad to worse@vancouver aboriginal friendship centre; kick in the eyestallora; allstate champion, by a thread, black rice@pic; hanson brothers, shittys, billy the kid@coba; canucks vs the wild@gm place

SUN 3

v-day@sugar refinery; gorky's zygotic nymf, m. ward@richard's on richards; john wolf broman, peggy lee, dylan van der schyft@western front; icv night@blinding light!; bandcover sunday w./marth weber president@main; rogue folk club present van garbut@wise; m. ward@zulu records (4pm)

MON 4

conspiracy theory mondays@sugar refinery; machine head, darwin's waiting room, third strike@commode; sharp teeth, andres last chance, the silence@mesa luna

TUES 5

parallelatuesdays@sugar refinery; maddy poaches, daniel johnson@richard's on richards; petersen quartet@vancouver playhouse; salutes, deathray daves, dressy bessy@pic; dickin' around@blinding light!

WED 6

kyncaid w./jesse zubot, jen martin@sugar refinery; guided by voices, the beatles@richard's on richards; 25th size launch, hooked on comic@blinding light!; shippy@main; nunstalker, the hillstreet stranglers, the first day@rickyard

THURS 7

human hi-life red, michelle rumball@sugar refinery; joint effort@blinding light!; auburn@main; kick in the eye@storia; deadly snakes, les tabernacles@pic

FR 18

baron samed@sugar refinery; mushroomband, lamb of god, five point o@richard's on richards; james cotton head@commode; david usher@vogue; sistafood film fest@blinding light!; michelle rumball, john gahler@main; kick in the eyestallora

SAT 19

butless chaps@sugar refinery; daniel yoon's post-concussion@blinding light!; chad macquarrie, geoff berner, brand on ax@main; search@wise; nunsalik, er, three inches of blood, the streets@coba; volumizer, operation makeout, clover honey, the ewoks@pic

SUN 10

CITR PRESENTS: MINUS THE BEAR, JERK WITH A BOMB, THE METIC@PIC; daniel yoon's post-concussion@blinding light!; bandcover sunday w./marq desouza and friends@main; daniel ash, lemm@richard's on richards; canucks vs sharks@gm place

MON 11

conspiracy theory mondays@sugar refinery; whap! birthday party feat. radio berlin, i think (therefore) i can, the boston manicure@mesa luna; nr. scruff@sonar

TUES 12

parallelatuesdays@sugar refinery; daniel yoon's post-concussion@blinding light!; exile on main st. w./amy honey@main

WED 13

bathery opera@sugar refinery; daniel yoon's post-concussion@blinding light!; kevin kane@main

THURS 14

tony wilson, masa anza, skye brooks@sugar refinery; rufus wainwright, martha wainwright@commode; on play live to allege no trip@blinding light!; steve dawson, elliot polsky@main; recollections vintage fashion show@heritage hall; spygirl, larry perras and his band@arts club backstage lounge; hotwire, the dinks, gg dartray@pic; le tigre@shoebos, seattle

FR 15

chris gestira@sugar refinery; dunnun borgan, cryptops, krisiun@wert barr; greg proops, rich elwood@vogue; spirit of the west, town pants@commode; soldiers of the underground, organ@club 23 west; the new women@blinding light!; bottlekick@main

SAT 16

golden wedding band@sugar refinery; the new women@blinding light!; kevin house@main; the felchers, glory holes, rod iron haulers@pic

SUN 17

unrefined@sugar refinery; the fables@commode; the new women@blinding

light!; bancouver sunday w./mac pontiac@main; nunstalker, DOA@the boot (whistler); the intima@zulu records (4pm); honeysuckle serentina, guff@pic

MON 18

conspiracy theory mondays@sugar refinery; dartry's grocery bag, complete, tm, nr. plow, chris of the stand giffness@luna

TUES 19

parallelatuesdays@sugar refinery; guff, honeysuckle serentina@pic; the new women@blinding light!

WED 20

jp carter trio@sugar refinery; the new women@blinding light!; mucky manville@main

THURS 21

un maple jerk with a bomb@sugar refinery; by@blinding light!; steve dawson, elliot polsky@main; straight onto the trailer 100people; on the streets of blood, the witness protection program, the blackjacks, street@pic

FR 22

millennium project 4@sugar refinery; millencolin, home grown, bombshell rocks@croatian cultural centre (all-ages); mercedes sosa@orpheus; subversive emulsion: the films of oliver hockenhub@blinding light!; carolyn mark extravaganza, clay george@main; jugged@starry dynamo cafe; new town animals, the cleats@pic

SAT 23

smoke rings@sugar refinery; paul kelly band@richard's on richards; subversive emulsion: the films of oliver hockenhub@blinding light!; brad muihead's primal orbit@norman rothstein theatre; carolyn mark extravaganza@main; skavooie for james list, warsaw, chris murray, monkey, the lancasters@railway club; the pocket dwellers@pic

SUN 24

greg macpherson@sugar refinery; claud@richard's on richards; subversive emulsion: the films of oliver hockenhub@blinding light!; bandcover sunday w./janet panice@main; canucks vs erslers@gm place

MON 25

cat power@richard's on richards; conspiracy theory mondays@sugar refinery; the met, the black list, bend sinister@mesa luna

TUES 26

parallelatuesdays@sugar refinery; subversive emulsion: the films of oliver hockenhub@blinding light!; exile on main st. w./amy honey@main; canucks vs kings@gm place

WED 27

asserton@sugar refinery; subversive emulsion: the films of oliver hockenhub@blinding light!; kevin kane@main; bonnie prince billy@graceland, seattle

THURS 28

audiclava, jack harlan@sugar refinery; jesus christ vampire hunter@blinding light!; tony wilson quartet@cellar, t. paul ste. marie presents lit nite@gm place; spookey ruben@pic; tony wilson quartet@cellar; canucks vs blow@jgm place

FR 29

4 dex and no brains, carter hayes@sugar refinery; jesus christ vampire

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE.
FOR THE APRIL ISSUE.
THE DEADLINE IS MARCH 26.
FAX SHOW, FILM, EVENT AND VENUE LISTINGS
TO 604.822.9364 OR EMAIL
<DISCORDE@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA>

hunter@blinding light!; slowdrag@main; radio berlin@pic; bonnie prince billy@anacortes (washington)

SAT 30

sadies, beachwood sparks@pic; martin nell, luk doucet@richard's on richards; the new year, pedro the lion, seaworthy@graceland, seattle; canucks vs mighty fuckin@gm place

special events

US MAPLE AT THE SUGAR REFINERY

at first we thought it was a joke. in fact, we're still sort of wondering if the refinery put it on their listings to fuck with our minds. **disorder** ad salesperson steve firmly believes that us maple's talker is the greatest piece of music ever put to wax. go see them play with jerk with a bomb at the sugar refinery (1115 granville street) on thursday, march 21.

FROM GODDESS TO PIN-UP

part of moving ideas. an on-going, multi-venue project subtitled "a contemporary cultural dialogue with india," this exhibit of the research done by patricia uberoi and pooja sood on the genre of indian "calendar art" will be showing at the presentation house gallery until march 31. check out www.eciad.bc.ca/movingideas for more info on the rest of the festival.

INDEPENDENT COMMUNITY TELEVISION

sunday, march 3, a night of screenings and talk about ICTV, vancouver's non-profit cooperative community television studio at the blinding light. support indie media!

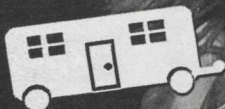
places to be

bassix records	217 w. hastings	604.689.7734	pic pub	620 west pender	604.665.1556
beatstreet records	3-712 robbson	604.683.3344	railway club	579 dunsuir	604.681.1625
black swan records	3209 west broadway	604.734.2288	richard's on richards	1036 richards	604.687.6784
blinding light! cinema	36 powell	604.876.3366	ridge cinema	3131 arbutus	604.738.6311
cellar	3611 west broadway	604.738.195	scrape records	17 west broadway	604.877.1676
chan centre	6265 crescent	604.822.9197	scratch records	726 richards	604.687.6355
club 23	23 west cordova	604.876.3366	sonar	66 water	604.683.6695
cobalt	917 main	604.685.2825	sugar refinery	1115 granville	604.331.1184
commode ballroom	868 granville	604.739.4550	teenage rampage	19 west broadway	604.675.9227
crossroad music	518 west pender	604.683.877	vancouver playhouse	hamilton at dunsuir	604.665.3050
futuristic flavour records	920 granville	604.681.1766	video-in studios	1965 main	604.872.8337
highlife records	1317 commercial	604.251.664	western front	303 east 8th	604.876.9343
the main café	4210 main	604.709.8555	wett bar	1320 richards	604.662.7707
ms. f's cabaret	339 west pender	604.685.3050	WISE club	1882 adanac	604.254.5859
orpheus theatre	smithie at seymour	604.685.3050	yale	1300 granville	604.681.9253
pacific cinémathèque	131 howe	604.688.8202	zulu records	1972 west 4th	604.738.3222

KID & KEMO PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

TRAIGHT

OUTTA THE TRAILER



ROCK TO:

POISON, CRUE, KISS

PRIEST, SABBATH, AC/DC

JOAN JETT, QUIET RIOT

SKID ROW, LITA FORD,

TWISTED SISTER AND MORE!

DJ THRUSHMUFFLER

THURSDAY
MARCH 21ST 2002
THE PURPLE ONION

DOOR PRIZES FOR
BEST TRAILER TRASH COSTUME
DOORS OPEN AT 9.30 PM



CABARET

15 WATER ST./GASTOWN/604 602 9442

A ZULU TRANSMISSION

FOG s/t CD/LP

Just graduated from college and realized that sitting in your basement getting "baked" and listening to your increasingly scratchy **Lake Vibert** and **Smog** "was" is no longer a viable lifestyle option? Well, my friend, life is but a series of crushing disappointments, as the "rimo" kids who skateboard incompetently on your street every long, long afternoon could doubtless tell you. Why not take comfort in the sloppy eclecticism of Ninja Tune's latest bedroom auteur, **FOG**. His quintessentially Minnesotan angst will wrap you in a warm, if rather milquy, blanket of sagler empathy and make you wonder how indie-ro genre **One One** manages to put in an appearance on every other record of any kind released nowadays.

CD 16.98 LP 14.98



BUFFALO DAUGHTER s/t CD

BUFFALO DAUGHTER is back with a new quirky hybrid record that's quite hard to describe. It's somehow so totally contemporary it seems like it's from the future. Overall not as driving as the work they've done, they're stretching out here, each song possessing a well developed and often wildly contrasting style. Of course, old fans are used to **BUFFALO DAUGHTER**'s creative whims and eclecticism, but this record perfects what previously seemed a bit more dilute/late, less mechanical. Ultimately, despite considerable experimentation, the larger picture is (relevant - a glossy and super-saturated hi-tech populism shining forth like a radiant utopia).

CD 16.98



TINDERSTICKS Trouble Every Day CD/LP

Matters of understated orchestral beauty: the **TINDERSTICKS** refocus their aperture for this sublime soundtrack to **Claire Denis** (Beau Travail, Nettle et Boni) latest art-house hit **Trouble Every Day**. Evoking the serenity of **Bernard Herrman**'s scores, these tracks are the perfect complement to **Denis**' exploration of the vampire myth as a site of psychosocial trauma. The surrealism of flesh and blood's unsettling beauty supported on seemingly opposed pillars of elegance and horror. This is the sound of a modern vampire on the prowl - and oh yes, **Vincent Gallo** plays the fangs!!

CD 16.98 LP 16.98



YOUNG AND SEXY Stand Up For Your Mother CD

On, to watch the wies ones grow strong and sure! Who would have guessed that **YOUNG AND SEXY** would sublimate their larval stage as a rhythmic twee-folk trio to emerge as the big, bold butterfly in evidence on this fourth, long-player of Vancouver's **Mini Records**? Those who've caught their live shows glaze to be sure, but for the uninitiated this album will come as a welcome surprise. Produced by the local hit-makers at **JG/DC** (**New Pornographers**, **Destroyer**), this collection of inspired music and evocative verse should find its way into the heart of all who hear it. Whether celebrating the joys of good friends and "good, good, good, good times" or lamenting the pain of seeing the one who broke your heart everywhere you go, these are our songs—younger, old, sexy or no. The ascension is underway, my friends. Check them out now (perhaps at their in-store appearance on March 31st) and say that you were there before they were a household name.

CD 12.98



VOLUMIZER Gaga for Gigi CD

The term supergroup can be used far too often and spuriously. With **Volumizer**, however, it's a completely unavoidable title. How else could a band that has ex-members of **Painted Sticks** (**Bill Kapriel-Hemy**), **Discharge** (**Jade Blade**), and **U23KRS** (**Rodney Graham**) be fairly described? Pedigree aside, of course, the music speaks nicely for itself: buzzing punk rock into jaunty new wave, with beautifully bored vocals by **Shannon Oksanen**, all buffed-up by the fine boys at **JG/DC**. On paper, this seems like a hit machine; on CD, it is a hit machine. Check it out, man.

CD 12.98



THE CLINIC Walking With Thee CD

Iremember as if it were yesterday my first exposure to these magical, mystical Liverpoolians. First song, "This is good." Second, "This is really good." Third, "This is SO good." And so on, you get the picture. Few albums of late have blown me away quite so much as **Internal Wrangler** (their debut, in stock) and the winning streak continues with **Walking With Thee**. The scope is narrowed, refined to give this collection of songs a cohesiveness that eluded their debut (though not to its detriment). Think **OK Computer** *as Radiohead* with a sense of humour and **Augustus Pablo** sitting in on melodic. A breath of fresh air amidst the smoke and mirrors of today's pop.

BONUS: ENTER to win 2 TICKETS to their MARCH 24TH APPEARANCE at RICHARD'S on RICHARDS! SEE STORE FOR DETAILS

CD 19.98

PIEBALD We Are the Only... CD/LP

Remember **Emo Phillips**? That guy was really funny. Punk rock nutes! Or emo, if that's what this is. Whatever. Regardless of where in lands in the state of label, we can tell you this—is this good. Modern pop with edge (straight?) to a Get Up Kids. The Anniversary. Jets to Brazil!

CD \$16.98 LP 14.98

LALI PUNA Scary World Theory CD

Perhaps it seems fitting that the **LALI PUNA** website is "under construction"—simply put their sudden surge in popularity has crowded their sonic hobbyists status! Yes, together with the **Notivist** (and ask about it!), **LALI PUNA** have solidified the quiet, melancholic electronic "sound" of Germany's **Mini Records**, and thus triggered the motion detectors of London's elite — **Andrew Weatherall**, **Radiohead**, **Ukule** etc. **Frage** sounds that blend diverse palates skewing some histories... beauty in the process of arriving, certainly for **LALI PUNA** all is always under construction.

CD 19.98 IN STOCK MARCH 10

AIR Everybody Hertz CD

Unlike the champs in Hollywood, where the original was good—but the remake is better! France's retro-obsessed composers, **AIR**, reach into their *Radiohead* for this semi-hoop up featuring the likes of **International DJ Gigolo**: **The Hacker**, on-U Sound's **Adrian Sherwood**, **Mr. Oizo** and others! Paddling the disc, an exclusive new **AIR** track and video are included—further proof that all records should be released with remixed dopplegangers!

CD 16.98



SONGS: OHIA Didn't It Rain CD/LP

The *Songs: Ohia* songwriter is one of the most enduring and mythologized figures of pop music: an authentic voice, speaking truthfully, usually unmediated by the often-excessive spectacle of pop display and type. This notion runs back to early folk, country, and blues, gradually repeating in the gestures of so many contemporary artists. Factualizing aside, this doesn't discount the power of this compelling theme, which sometimes serves as a solidifying frame and truly *disruptive* music. Such is the case with **SONGS: OHIA**. Listening to *Didn't It Rain*, it's made clear that, mythologized or not, this history is real enough.

CD 16.98 LP 14.98



AFTERNOONS WITH MUSIC

**SUNDAY MARCH 3
@ 4PM
M. WARD**

Guitar, Voice and Vibraphone
an ethereal look at Americana

**SUNDAY MARCH 17
@ 4PM
THE INTIMA**

Drums, Bass, Violin and Guitar
the brooding sound of San Fran!

**SUNDAY MARCH 31
@ 4PM
YOUNG
AND SEXY**

New Romanticism of song
this local quintet will charm
the pants off of any A-R guy

FOR OTHER ANTENNAS

GOLDEN BOY AND MS. KITTY-OR CD/LP
Electro is back! Big time cold grooves and woodcut!

THE BOTTLE ROCKETS: Songs Of Sahn!
A swell tribute to the understated songs of Doug Sahm!

ROB MAZUREK: Amorphous Winged CD
Murled horns and electro glitch from this **CHICAGO UNDERGROUND/ISOPOPE 217** player!

TOWN & COUNTRY: C-mom CD
Thrill Jockey's most underrated outfit returns!

DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE: The Stability CDEP
Between **BUILT TO SPILL** and **MODEST MOUSE**—another Northwest pop darling!

ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS: The Day the Earth Met... CD/LP
The rosetta stone of art-punk - *per* Pere Ubu and Dead Boys!

VARIOUS: REPLICANT RUMBA ROCKERS CD
Senior Coconut remixes the Latin electronica vernacular!

CALIFONE: Deceleration CD
A limited ed. live CD featuring their improvised film music!!

sale prices in effect until march 31, 2002

ZULU's Hot Tickets:

GORKY'S ZYGOTIC MYNCI
w/Max Ward
March 3rd
Richards on Richards

GUIDED BY VOICES
w/The Battles
March 6th
Richards on Richards

PAUL KELLY BAND
w/Guests
March 23rd
Richards on Richards

THE CLINIC
w/Kingsbury Manx
March 24th
Richards on Richards

CAT POWER
w/Guests
March 25th
Richards on Richards

HELLACOPTERS
w/Gaza Strippers
April 5th
Richards on Richards

LUCINDA WILLIAMS
w/Guests
April 11th
The Commodore

BONOB0
w/Anti-Pop Consortium & Buck 65
April 27th
Sonar



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Thurs and Fri 10:30-9:00
Sat 9:30-6:30
Sun 12:00-4:00